

CANADA'S

HISTORY MAGAZINE

The

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Beaver

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Another World*

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*Finding love in
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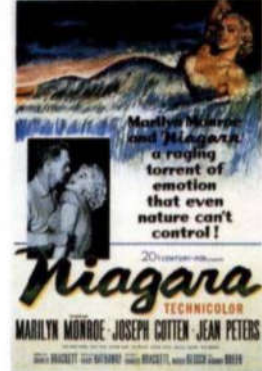
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Precious mettle

"GUARDING THE GOLD" [October/November 2000] gave a clear picture of the great care taken of the bullion at every step of its journey from the Bank of England to the Bank of Canada in the months just prior to the outbreak of World War II. Apparently such care and vigilance had not been observed in an earlier gold shipment from England that had been treated just like everyday freight – no armed guards, no twenty-four-hour watch. Disaster struck in the shape of a serious train accident.

It happened on the old Inter-Colonial Railroad, on a single line from Sackville, New Brunswick and Amherst, Nova Scotia on September 23, 1913. The number 231 train was on the way to Moncton and number 234 was bound to Truro, Nova Scotia. My wife's uncle, Murray Siddall, operated a farm at Aulac, New Brunswick, that was bisected by the railroad. To gain access to the lower fields, the railroad had provided a cut or tunnel through the embankment. The passage was listed on the railway timetable and records as Siddall's Cut.

As Murray was approaching the Cut on that

fateful day, to his horror he saw the two trains heading towards each other at great speed. There was nothing he could do – he was rooted to the spot. The impact demolished both engines and telescoped most of the cars on both trains.

As Murray hastened to the wreck, one of the conductors asked him to bring his wagon as close as possible to the remains of the baggage car from train 231. He could not believe his eyes when he saw that the train had been carrying a cargo of gold, which now was scattered among the wreckage. The conductor and several others on the scene helped Murray load the bullion on to his wagon; he was asked to look after the cargo until collected by authorities. The loading required several trips to the site. Many years later, Murray showed me the corner of his barn where he had hidden the gold under a load of straw. He told me that those in charge did not collect the loot for several days, and smiled and shook his head when I asked him if he had stashed a couple of samples aside for his old age!

The handling of the bullion was certainly a far cry from that of the shipment described some thirty-six years later. Incidentally, there were four trainmen killed in the accident, which was attributed to human error and poor timekeeping. It was said that the gold shipment was labeled "explosives," no doubt to deter thieves and busybodies.

Archie M. Pennie
Ottawa, Ontario

Ships lite

In "GUARDING THE GOLD" [October/November 2000] the author makes reference to "the imposing battleships HMS *Emerald* and *Enterprise*." These ships were ordered and built at the conclusion of WW I as "light cruisers." They are also to be found in *Jane's Fighting Ships of World War II*.

William J. Gilliland
Toronto, Ontario

The Beaver welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to The Beaver, 478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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Another theory

IN THE OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 2000 ISSUE of the *Beaver*, Lysiane Gagnon notes that a number of theories still circulate about the Pierre Laporte killing. There is another theory which I hold—that he was killed because he gave away where he was being held and his captors had to get away before the police woke up.

At the time of the FLQ crisis, I had been stationed in the RCAF at St. Hubert for four years. During the crisis, radio station CJAD broadcast a letter believed to be from Mr. Laporte in which he said, among other things, that he had twelve dependants. Very shortly thereafter, his body was found in the trunk of a car on De La Savanne Road in the village of St. Hubert, a street that runs right through St. Hubert airport. I wondered about that reference to twelve dependants, as I knew that he had only five: his wife, mother, a sister-in-law and her two children.

When I heard that he had been found, it hit me. Hangar twelve was some distance east of the other hangars and had the number twelve painted about eight to ten feet high on the east side. Because there were no other buildings in the way, these numbers were easily visible from Armstrong Street in St. Hubert village (this part of the village is separated from the main part by the airport). Now, what better place to hide something than right under the noses of the hunters who were based at St. Hubert airport, through which De La Savanne Road runs?

J.V. Abram
Gloucestershire, U.K.

A different mindset

ALLOW ME TO GIVE SOME REASONS for the divergent welcome given to the returning war vets in 1918 and 1945 ["Aftermath," October/November 2000].

In 1918, the Western world was still in the grip of a laissez-faire mentality, or to put it another way, "God helps those who help themselves." At best if in need, one didn't look to the government but rather to family or a private charity. In so doing, a fair bit of personal shame was felt. Also, by 1928, worldwide grain prices had collapsed, shortly to be followed by the Great Depression. Socialists like J.S. Woodsworth, Stanley Knowles, and T.C. Douglas were still voices crying in the wilderness.

In 1945, the Mackenzie King government had the 1918 experience to look back on and learn from. Also, Canada and the U.S. escaped unscathed from the terrible war ravages experienced in Europe. Canada had money and the will to use [it] to reincorporate the veterans back into civilian society.

Hindsight is a great teacher.

Wilf Trapler, Osoyoos, British Columbia

Board endured

IN HIS ARTICLE "AFTERMATH" [October/November 2000], comparing Canada's treatment of returned servicemen after the First and Second World Wars, Jonathon E. Vance says on page 23 that the Soldier Settlement Board, formed after WWI, was "abolished" in 1931. The Soldier Settlement Board was certainly in existence until at least 1944: my father was a field supervisor with the board. He later worked in its Saskatoon regional office from the 1920s until he joined the RCAF in 1942. After his death in 1944 my mother received a condolence letter from the Saskatoon office. If my childhood memory is correct, there was a major reorganization of the Soldier Settlement Board under a new director, Gordon Murchison, in the early 1930s. It may be that Dr. Vance's sources confused this event with "abolishment."

William G. Portman, Winnipeg, Manitoba

ERRATUM

McGill University professor Peta Tancred, coauthor of *Designing Women: Gender and the Architectural Profession*, from which "Montreal's Designing Women" [December 2000/January 2001] was adapted, was incorrectly identified by name in the table of contents. The *Beaver* regrets the error.

LaSalle update

FURTHER TO MY ARTICLE "Fatal Flaw," [April/May 1999], the skeleton discovered onboard the ship *La Belle* has not yet been buried, due to political problems with the French government.

Mr. Gary D. Gray, member of the Texas Archeological Society, informed me that France refuses to allow DNA testing to try and link the skeletal remains with modern relatives in France. The French argue *La Belle* was lost at sea and therefore belongs to France. Texans claim the ship sank in inland waters, thus under U.S. jurisdiction. Meanwhile the identity of "Dead Bob" (the name given by one of the divers excavating *La Belle*) remains a mystery.

Adrienne Leduc
North Vancouver, B.C.

Aye, laddie, we stand corrected

"LITTLE BROTHER OF WAR" [October/November 2000] was very interesting. However, I feel obliged to point out that the caption under the lower illustration on page 13 is incorrect. It implies that an exhibition match took place in England. The ticket clearly shows that the match was to be in Scotland, in Broughty Ferry, a place on the Firth of Tay, about five miles east of Dundee.

Alex N.C. Morris
Kingston, Ontario

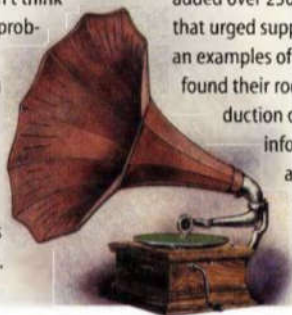
We were there first!

THE AFFIRMATION OF CANADIAN RIGHTS on the Arctic has always been a problem, but there is a fact that would have stopped foreign claims ["This Just In," Currents, October/November, 2000]. One year before Sverdrup's expedition of 1898, the Canadian government sent Commandant William Wakeham of Gaspé, Quebec, onboard the SS *Diana*, to take official possession of the Arctic for the country. On August 17, 1897, in Kekerton, Baffin Island, Wakeham declared the island and all surrounding territory ours. With this forgotten mission, no foreign claims should have been addressed. *The Northern Mariner / Le Marin du Nord* published a paper on this expedition in 1998 (St. John's University, Newfoundland, Vol. VIII, no. 3, pp. 51–66).

Mario Mimeault
Gaspé, Quebec

Victrola download

If you're fed to the teeth with the Backstreet Boys, Britney Spears, Christina Aguilera, and other ultra-overproduced manifestations of international popular culture and you yearn for the simple, the authentic, and the traditional – the *Canadian!* (sort of!) – you could do worse than log on to the Great Canadian Tunebook website <<http://members.home.net/bntaylor/canmidi.htm>>, created by Barry Taylor, a Victoria business analyst. The site contains over 140 folksongs easily playable on any computer with a sound card, many of them accompanied with written lyrics so you can sing along or print out song sheets. We can't think of the last time we heard *It's The B'y* – probably grade 5 – and many of the love songs, lullabies, sea shanties and such were largely unfamiliar, which may be another indication how indigenous culture can be overwhelmed by commercial product from beyond our borders. Not that these folk tunes themselves are purely Canadian-born.



Most native Canadian songs borrowed their tunes from Old World sources – English Canada's folksong tradition being rooted in Britain and Ireland, likewise French Canada's in France – but with adoption and adaptation they have incorporated themselves into Canada's heritage in ways that, oh, Ricky Martin's *Shake Your Bon-Bon* likely will not. Taylor's tunebook is entirely a solo effort. He collects the songs from other sources, usually old books in libraries, verifies that they are in the public domain, then creates musical arrangements for them. Each tune takes about three or four hours to produce. The gratification for him has been discovering that people still appreciate the tunes of yesteryear, despite pop music's saturation.

Meanwhile, the hits just keep on happening over at the National Library. In this case, the hits of the First World War, which have recently been added to the NL's Virtual Gramophone (www.nlc-bnc.ca/gramophone). Phase three of its initiative to digitalize and put onto the Web Canada's 78-rpm era, the National Library has added over 250 patriotic songs and sentimental ballads that urged support for the Great War as well as Canadian examples of vaudeville, Tin Pan Alley, and jazz, which found their roots in the period. The digital audio reproduction of each song is augmented by recording information, artist biography, and articles and images explaining the period and the music. An audiophile's dream. And we can't wait for the NL to digitalize the Roaring Twenties. Boo-boop-a-doop.

Take the day off

February 8: To observe Sir Sandford Fleming's 1879 proposal to divide the world into twenty-four time zones. Consider it's at least half an hour later in Newfoundland.

February 15: To celebrate the day in 1965 Canada adopted a new flag. Wave something.

March 3: To note Alexander Graham Bell's 1847 invention of the telephone in Brantford, Ontario. Call your mom.

March 31: To mark Newfoundland's entry into Confederation in 1949 as Canada's tenth province. Light fifty-two candles.

Life with laundry

Once upon a time in this country, the words "Chinese" and "laundry" were virtually synonymous. That's because the Chinese, who were initially brought as labourers in the nineteenth century to build the CPR, were discouraged legally and socially once the railway was completed from engaging in anything but labour-intensive work. Laundries required little capital and minimum skills in English or French for their owners to succeed, and so the Chinese laundry became an urban fixture across Canada until well into the 1950s. In 1921 in Montreal, for example, there were 368 laundries and a Chinese-Canadian population of 1,735. The work was done in large measure by men, because for many decades in an era of racial intolerance family members, including wives, were barred by law from coming to Canada. And what hard work it was, toiling over boiling cauldrons and hot presses in cramped and steamy rooms – long hours of washing, ironing, packing, and delivering clothes for poor wages, with few leisure hours in between.

Now, visitors can get a sense of a laundryman's life in a new permanent exhibit at the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Ottawa called "Enduring Hardship." The exhibit features a reconstructed laundry with artifacts collected from various laundries



across Canada, including the Central Laundry, operated for many years in Winnipeg by the late Ho King (who, after leaving China in 1918 was not joined by his wife until 1959). There is a counter area and a kitchen area, too, in which a documentary is shown featuring interviews with the older generation of Chinese laundrymen and their descendants. The exhibit sheds light on the work ethic and survival strategies of the time, but for the children and grandchildren of those who spent their lives in a hand laundry, it is more: a symbol not only of hardship, but of survival, endurance, patience, and sacrifice for the future.

War and remembrance

Undoubtedly, gathering dust in thousands of attics across the length and breadth of this rather long and broad land, are many, many packets of letters, bundles of photographs, postcards, diaries and other personal materials all connected to wars in which Canadians have fought. Since Canada hasn't been officially at war since 1945, some of these mementos may indeed be a mouldering, and since the generation that last fought a war is itself fading into history, heirs and successors may be wondering what they might do in the long run with this special inheritance.

Well, they might consider The Canadian Letters and Images Project, an initiative undertaken by Stephen Davies, a professor in the history department of Nanaimo's Malaspina University College. Since last summer, Davies has been actively seeking previously unpublished correspondence, photographs, or other keepsakes for an online website (www.mala.bc.ca/history/letters), which is intended not only to preserve the personal side of wartime (which a regular archive might do) but to make it easily accessible as well (which a cyber-archive

can do better, particularly with a search engine in place). Davies was



inspired by well-developed British and American websites with similar content, believing there was a gap to be filled in Canada. So far, with only minimal publicity, he has had a gratifying response. The website has posted over five hundred letters and cards, many of them from young men who never returned, rendering the commonplace details and simple

yearnings of the correspondence a terrible poignancy.

Most of the contributions so far have related to the First and Second World Wars, but no conflict in which Canadians have been engaged is ineligible, including the country's more recent peacekeeping duties. And we suppose if you have any correspondence kicking around from great-great-great-uncle Wilf in the War of 1812, that would be welcome too.

We'll meet again

When last we visited Len Van Roon, he was featured as a twenty-four-year-old gunner in a photograph in Album (at left in the photo right), on the last page of the October/November 2000 edition of the *Beaver*. He was standing with two other young men in the bombed shell of a home in Germany in 1945. The two – John Dunn (middle) and Roy Stevens (right) – had been part of the 19th Field Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery, but after the war they had lost touch with one

another. Van Roon had, he reported to us when he submitted the photograph, gone on to work for the City of Winnipeg's recreation department in the postwar years, and now lives in retirement in the city's Charleswood suburb. But what of the other two gunners? Well, we are delighted to report that they are alive and well and living in Canada. After seeing their picture in the *Beaver*, the three, who are now spread across the country, reconnected by telephone. John Dunn returned to his native Nova Scotia, studied mechanical engineering at Dalhousie, then worked in Ontario and Quebec before settling in British Columbia, where he now lives in retirement in Castlegar. Toronto-born Roy Stevens, who worked at Simpson's before joining the army, returned to the department store, working there and for its successor in Toronto, Sears, until his retirement eighteen years ago. Both have children and grandchildren; Dunn has one great-grandchild. It's been fifty-six years since the end of World War II. How did life turn out? "Not bad," Dunn reports, with typical Canadian understatement.



Cherchons nos ancêtres



h, the wonders of the Web. Once upon a time searching for one's ancestors meant rooting around archives and graveyards and church records, which, come to think of it can be rather fun, but nonetheless can eat up a fair amount of time and money. These days, however, digging up (metaphorically speaking) many-times-great grandpa McDinkledorf can be as easy as booting up Mr. Computer and letting your fingers dance over the keyboard. Genealogical websites have blossomed like roses after the rain. Now, thanks to the redoubtable Canadian Museum of Civilization, there's another one – available on the Virtual Museum of New France website (www.vmnf.civilization.ca/ancestors), which contains six databases featuring genealogical, historical, and visual information that allow visitors, for a nominal fee, to document the history of their European ancestors who settled in New France. There are marriage licences, parish records, family histories, documents related to wills, trials, bills of sale and the like, as well as illustrations. We wanted to try this out, but being bereft of French Canadian ancestors (as far as we know), we thought we'd try keying in the name Antoine Leduc, a seventeenth-century coureur de bois featured in Adrienne Leduc's story "A Fille du Roi's Passage" on page 20. Well, voilà, there he was, complete with French town of origin, parental names, similar information about his wife, Jeanne, and a copy of *le contrat de mariage* between Antoine Leduc and Jeanne Fauchoux. Got a Canadian ancestor? Give it a shot.

Love, Gender, and Canadian History

"I think Cupid is on leave for the rest of the month." So claimed Major Margaret Macdonald, matron-in-chief of Canada's overseas nurses in the First World War, in a vain effort to persuade Red Cross officials to break their regulations and allow a perfectly healthy nurse to spend the two weeks before her wedding in a rest home for nurses. Major Macdonald herself was quite willing to facilitate marriage, especially if one of her nursing sisters was engaged to a British colonel. The girl's "prospects" were just too good. After all, Macdonald could hardly expect the men to go on warring just so her nurses could be decently paid.

In thirty-five years of historical research, this was my first archival encounter with love. Cupid, it seems, had never checked into the archives. It could be, of course, that I wasn't looking in the right corners or reading the right sources. After all, Sylvia Van Kirk had unearthed *Many Tender Ties* between native Canadian women and employees of the Hudson's Bay Company; Sandra Gwyn had married love and ambition in Ottawa in *The Private Capital*; and Margaret Conrad, Toni Laidlaw, and Donna Smyth had found both good and bad love stories among the diarists of *No Place Like Home*. Significantly, these historians and writers were women and their sources were frequently private. What male historians have burrowed into the public archives and come up with a love story? In general, one doesn't find love in the archives.



Pierre and Margaret Trudeau soon after their March 1971 marriage. Their relationship embodied one of the fundamental analogies of the Canadian federation, that of the marriage between French & English.

The library is the place to look for love. There Cupid can be found, perched among all those novels written by and for women—good, bad, and indifferent novels, each one reinforcing the message that love is a private affair, the affair of women. The fact that feminist literary criticism now enables us to decode these texts for their subversive potential alters little of their original place in what American scholar Carroll Smith-Rosenberg calls "the female world of love and ritual."

If love and emotions belong to women's private world of literature and romance and not to the public world of politics and war, what are we to make of the public outpouring of emotion—of love—at the time of Pierre Trudeau's death last September? How to react to the sight of great brawny men pulling their container trucks off the highway and standing, hand to heart, as the Trudeau funeral train passed? How to interpret English Canada's much more demonstrable affection for the former prime minister? Do we want our political leaders to be like lovers and reflect us in our best light? Were we reliving the Pierre-Margaret romance of thirty years ago: the dashing, Gallic prince and the beautiful Anglo princess?

If the latter, we were displaying—albeit reversing—one of the fundamental analogies of the Canadian federation: that of a marriage between French and English. The analogy held—Confederation may have held—for one hundred years because of the fit between gender and nation. Where late nineteenth-century notions of gen-

der assigned men to the public realm and women to the private and joined the two in the family, Confederation constructed a country that looked remarkably similar: public, male activities such as money, taxation, defence, trade, and commerce undertaken by the federal government and private, female activities such as education, hospitals, charities, and the celebration of marriage assigned to the provinces. Similarly, where late nineteenth-century notions of nation attributed distinctive characteristics to peoples, and tended to see different peoples as incompatible, Confederation married two peoples whose characteristics were remarkably gendered. French Canada was religious, spiritual, elegant, traditional, and civilized, or, in the gender shorthand of the time, female. English Canada was materialistic, practical, commercial, progressive—in short, male. Together they were to create the “new nationality” on the northern half of the North American continent. A national dream indeed!

And it almost worked. On occasion the metaphor did get mixed as in a late nineteenth-century cartoon depiction of “Miss Canada” (or perhaps she was the offspring of the Confederation “marriage”) about to be snatched (into white slavery?) by four brutes encouraged by Uncle Sam. The rescuer was none other than John A. Macdonald, guns at the ready, with the power of the British lion behind him. Mixed or not, the gendered imagery is blatant, and it clearly helped contemporaries depict their developing national imagery. Quebec nationalist spokesmen—clerics, journalists, professors—retained well into the twentieth century an image of French Canada as female, above the masculine hurly-burly of the rest of the country.

The image, however, couldn't survive either Quebec's quiet revolution or the feminist movement. In the 1960s, as Quebec began fashioning its own hurly-burly of *maitres* [sic] *chez nous*, and feminists began questioning the social weight of symbols of the feminine, the logic of a female image of one's nation struck home. Such an image meant inequality and powerlessness; it meant concessions and submission for the sake of harmony. The image no longer fit Quebec's sense of itself,

Quebec nationalist spokesmen retained well into the twentieth century an image of French Canada as female, above the masculine hurly-burly of the rest of the country. ... The image, however, couldn't survive either Quebec's quiet revolution or the feminist movement.

and in both the public and private realms, Québécois set about altering it. In the public realm of politics, male functionaries demolished social, educational, hospital, and charitable institutions that had been run by women (as nuns) for centuries, created state versions of those same institutions, and placed themselves in charge. In the private realm of romance, male novelists and poets killed off the women as a means of liberating themselves and, by analogy, their nation. Long before Pierre Laporte's kidnap and murder summoned the troops under the War Measures Act dating from the First World War, maternal bodies, women's bodies, the body of English Canada (now portrayed, in a nice sleight of gendered hand, as a woman) splattered the pages of the novels of the 1960s. And not just any novels. Some of the major new writers of the 1960s—Hubert Aquin, Claude Jasmin, Jacques Godbout, Victor-Lévy Beaulieu—penned these literary murders. Cupid had clearly taken leave, this time of his senses as well, and violence against women received literary sanction. (And no critical attention either at the time or in the study guides of the subsequent schoolbook edition of the novels. More than twenty years passed before feminist literary scholars Patricia Smart and Lori Saint-Martin spotted the problem.) Of course it is easy enough to dismiss the violence as purely symbolic and the novels themselves as “just a story,” but they do suggest the awful power of sexual metaphors.

No wonder Confederation began showing strains in the 1960s. All the gendered political, social, and national understandings of the nineteenth century were coming under scrutiny. It wasn't just a question of “what does Quebec want” but more pointedly

and confusingly, who was who?

In that context Pierre Trudeau married Margaret Sinclair, French Canada now the older, wiser, more cynical male and English Canada the comely young ingénue. All we really know about that marriage is that it was stormy indeed, as have been the relations between a masculinized Quebec and the rest of Canada ever since.

So what we may have been witnessing in the public reaction to Trudeau's death was an English Canadian feminine expression of emotion or, perhaps, “Miss Canada's” wish that the fairytale might end differently.

As for the moral for Canadian history, it seems clear: watch out for love, watch out for gender. It may be time to summon Cupid back from leave. ■

Susan Mann is a historian and former president of York University. She began exploring the connections between feminism and nationalism in her 1983 book *Dream of Nation: A Social and Intellectual History of Quebec*. Her latest publication is *The War Diary of Clare Goss 1915–1918*, a critical edition of a First World War Canadian nurse's diary, published by McGill-Queen's University Press.

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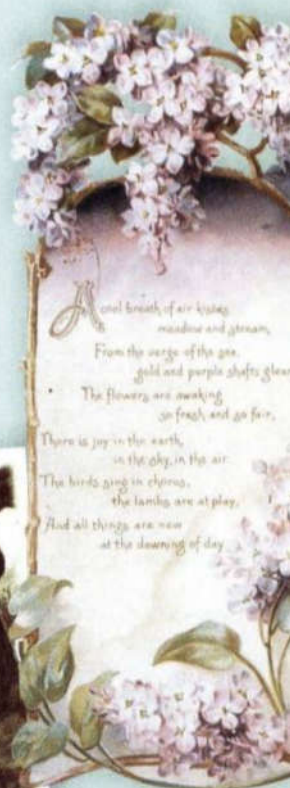
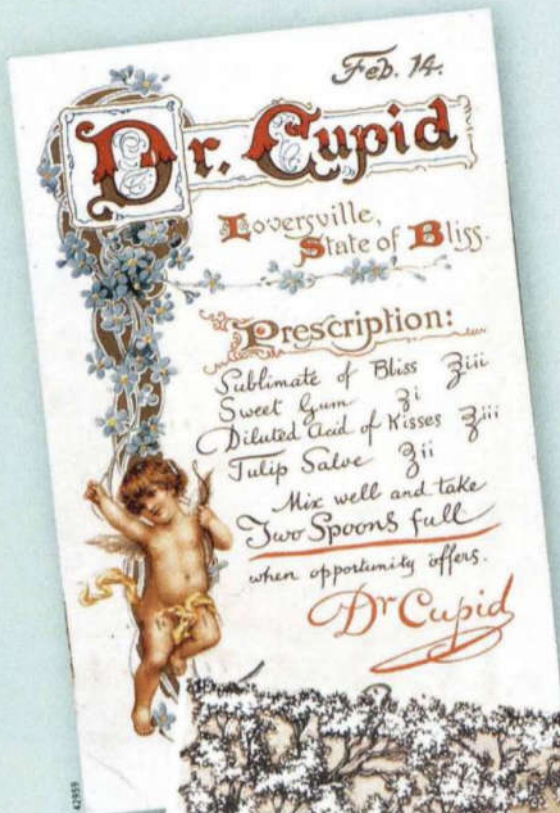
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Love Love Love Love Love Love

A light through the gloom
 o'er the human heart gleams,
 And still where it glances
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 The soul is awake to
 the good and the true,
 High hopes and strange
 yearnings arise on the vision,
 'Tis a joy that transcends
 from the mansions above,
 When all things are new
 in the dawning of love.

My sweet
 Valentine

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Daring Confessions was just one of about thirty titles published by the Alval Publishing Company, operated by pulp-magazine impresario Al Valentine in Toronto from 1941 to 1950. In addition to its romance titles, Alval published crime and adventure novels for male readers. Pulp (so called because of the cheap pulpwood paper they were printed on) often broke the boundaries of social acceptability; Alval published under various company names to avoid the wrath of moral arbiters. Nonetheless, pulps were immensely popular, the reading matter of choice for everyday Canadians, from soldiers on



troop trains to homefront sweethearts. Canadian pulp publishing had its heyday following the War-time Exchange Conservation Act of 1940, which prohibited the impor-

tation of nonessential goods, such as fiction periodicals and comic books, traditionally imported from the U.S. and Britain. Publishers like Alval filled the void with true crime and risqué romance magazines, featuring wayward husbands, loose women, and sordid crimes of passion. And unlike their American counterparts, who preferred their pulp heroes—like Flash Gordon and Green Hornet—fictional, Canadians preferred their heroes real, their confessions true, and their crimes genuine. Nonetheless, pseudonymous authors were more likely moonlighting *Toronto Star* journalists rather than wronged wives or jilted lovers.

With the end of the war, import restrictions lifted and foreign publishers resumed their trade. Moral conservatism rose, and pulps, and local publishers such as Alval, faded from view. Mass paperbacks became the norm, and once again, imports resumed dominant position. That is until 1957, when a small Winnipeg-based distributor of British and American paperbacks decided to focus exclusively on romance fiction. The rest, as they say, is history. Harlequin Romances became a household name; by the end of last year the now-named Harlequin Enterprises had shipped more than 4 billion books worldwide. ■

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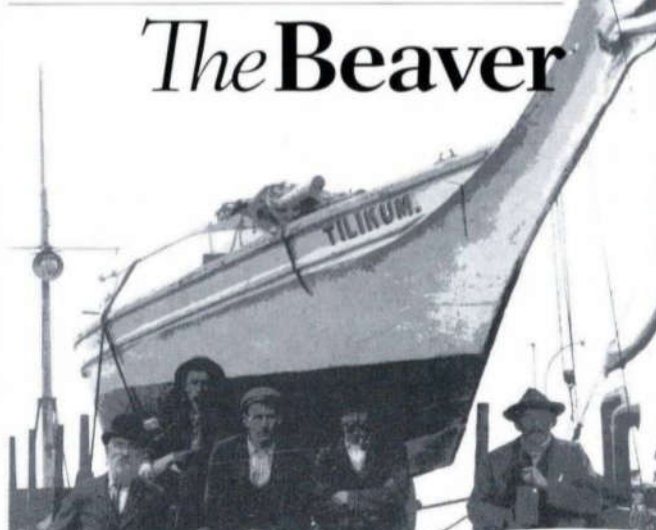
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Even in familiar surroundings, falling in love can be an otherworldly experience. Imagine how it must have been for those who fell in love—or wished they could—in what was, quite literally, another world.

For centuries, hundreds of young men arrived on North America's shores—from France and Britain, or later from Japan and China—in search of souls or gold or simply employment, and found themselves consigned to a lifestyle that was, to all extents and purposes, monastic. In seventeenth- and eighteenth-century European colonies and trading posts or in nineteenth-century Asian work camps, men outnumbered women by proportions that left many in almost constant need of a cold shower. The circumstances leading to this imbalance and the innovative responses it generated warrant at least a moment's contemplation in this, our month of *amour*.

In Canada, the French appear to have both created and remedied the problem first. Beginning in the early 1600s under Samuel de Champlain, the French sent young adventurers, transient craftsmen and, after 1615, zealous Récollet and Jesuit priests to work in North America for periods ranging from a year to a lifetime. Champlain's initial interests were in furs and a route to China. The twenty-eight men who accompanied him on his first foray up the St. Lawrence River in 1608 were mainly adventurers, among them his sixteen-year-old servant, Etienne Brûlé. The young man, who was notable for his promiscuity, earned the condemnation of the Catholic church for his many liaisons with the sexually tolerant Wendat, the people the French called the Huron.

But though his indiscriminate approach to love would be echoed by others in the centuries ahead—including the Nortons on

Hudson Bay in the early eighteenth century and HBC governor George Simpson a hundred years later—Brûlé was not typical of the majority of newcomers to North America. More characteristic were the lasting relationships forged during the seventeenth

Love in Ar

by Bar

by Bar

A romanticized depiction (right) of the King's daughters arriving at Quebec in the mid-seventeenth century. Before Louis XIV, who reigned from 1643 to 1715, brought New France under direct control, it was a poorly administered commercial branch operation whose private interests preferred male indentured servants. For the colony to grow, the balance of the sexes needed to be rectified. To that end, women of marriageable age were recruited under royal auspices and between 1663 and 1673 shipped to Quebec with a trousseau and, in some cases, a small dowry. Some came from a privileged background—minor nobility or the bourgeoisie—likely from families that had lost either father or fortune and were attracted by the dowry or the chance of a secure marriage. Most, however, came from modest circumstances. But nearly all of them found husbands almost immediately. Before the first arrivals, males in New France outnumbered females six to one. When the offspring of the *filles du roi* came of age twenty years later, the gender balance was almost equal.



and eighteenth centuries by the Cadots (later generations spelled it "Cadotte") of New France and by Isaac Batt and his descendants in Rupert's Land.

But a little background is needed. Champlain soon changed his focus from adventuring to colonizing, but despite his efforts Quebec numbered fewer than a hundred people by 1627. And in a preview of the gender imbalance that would plague New France for decades, fewer than a

dozen of these permanent residents were women. Determined to step up the rate of settlement, Cardinal Richelieu, chief minister to France's Louis XIII, established the Compagnie des Cent-Associés, a group of 100 French merchants and aristocrats com-

Perhaps more important, the main business focus of New France (beyond saving souls) was the fur trade. And to the dismay of the Jesuits, this uniquely North American endeavour was soon converting substantial numbers of young Frenchmen to Algonquin

or Wendat or Ojibwa ways, rather than the other way around. Life in *le pays d'en haut*, the vast "upper country" inland and upriver, was seductively free of colonial constraints and religious authority, and captivatingly full of nubile maidens who had all the skills a fur trader could possibly need as well as important connections to the very people who provided the furs. Little wonder that despite myriad dangers and colonial censure, the lure of life as a free trader, or *coureur de bois*, enticed many to abandon the land and form lasting relationships with native North American women.

In the colony's earliest years, when furs were to be had relatively near at hand, or later, when the Iroquois War cut off the supply of furs from Huronia, a number of young farmers managed to combine summers on the land with winters in the woods. By the late 1650s, however, having defeated or destroyed the region's native nations, the Iroquois had turned their attention to New France itself. In 1660 and 1661, nearly two hundred settlers were killed as tiny Montreal was besieged and communities near Quebec were pillaged.

Both farming and trading came to a virtual halt, and a stream of transient workers fled the colony for France.

The total population of the colony at this time, according to author and historian Christopher Moore, was barely 3,000, when to the south there were 100,000 settlers in the New England colonies and 10,000 in New Holland on the Hudson River. More than a third of the French colonists were children under fifteen. And though historian Yves Landry has established that males

mitted to the development of New France. But the fledgling colony was beset by problems. War with the English in the 1620s and with the Iroquois in the 1640s and 1650s greatly detracted from New France's allure as a place to build a stable future. Though strongly encouraged to settle in North America, the majority of French soldiers or tradesmen sent to Quebec generally hastened home as soon as their term of service expired.

Other World

PaPaPaPa

ra Huck



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-2012

A Man & his Wife Returning with a Load of Partridges from their Tent. Watercolour by William Richards, circa 1807.

Though the Hudson's Bay Company actively encouraged celibacy among its employees in its Canadian operation, in reality its orders in this regard were rarely obeyed. Beyond sexual involvement, the services of native women were essential to the company's operation. They trapped



small game, prepared skins, netted snowshoes, prepared food, cleaned and washed, and, in later years, cared for gardens at many posts. More importantly, they often acted as translators and mediators between two groups of men – white and native – which gave them positions of influence within early fur-trade society not open to their male counterparts.

outnumbered females by about six to one, the proportion of eligible females, those of age and unmarried, was much lower. At a time when there were more than five hundred marriageable men, there appear to have been fewer than fifty eligible women.

For a young man seeking a wife, the future seemed bleak. Yet within three years, entire shiploads of young women were arriving at the port of Quebec, determined to build a new life, with a new man, in a new world.

What caused this dramatic change? First, the Cent-Associés was disbanded. New France became a royal colony under the direct control of Louis XIV, an astute

were given passage to Quebec, room and board for a brief time on arrival, and a dowry of fifty *livres*, a sum equal to about two-thirds of the annual wages of a hired labourer or *engagé*. Unlike their prospective mates, who were largely from rural France, the *filles du roi* were mainly urbanites, and a larger proportion of them (perhaps 30 per cent) were literate. These differences in background and education apparently caused few problems; for the most part the young women (nearly a third of whom were from Paris) quickly adapted to the life in a far-off colonial outpost.

Most accepted the king's offer for reasons of poverty or lack of family and opportunity, but a few were true adventurers. Though they were young, between eighteen and twenty-five, they clearly understood the terms of the arrangement and approached the task of finding husbands in a brisk and businesslike manner. Their contracts encouraged them to marry as soon as possible, within weeks if feasible, and many did just that. Fully 90 per cent were married within six months of arrival, but this rapid coupling was not without consideration, according to Marie de l'Incarnation, the founder of the Ursuline convent at Quebec, where many of the young women were accommodated on arrival. "The first thing the girls inform themselves

about," she wrote, was whether or not their prospective suitors were settled with a farm. "And they are wise to do so," she opined. She knew, as did the girls, that settled men generally made superior husbands.

Remarkably, at least in light of statistics on marriage breakdown today, less than fifteen per cent of these rapidly arranged unions were terminated. And of the ninety-five marriages that were annulled, eighty of the women involved quickly remarried and seven of these eventually married a third time. Of the 770 *filles du roi*, only thirty appear to have returned to France and just one, Madeleine de Roybon d'Alonne, remained single in New France. She died, unmarried, in Montreal at the age of seventy-two. Descended from minor French nobility and a celebrated adventuress, Made-

and determined twenty-five-year-old who would soon earn himself the title "Sun King." The young monarch could see that if young men were to be induced to stay in New France, they needed wives, and if young women were to be enticed to the colony, it needed to be more substantially defended. His response was twofold: a massive recruitment of young women for New France, and a substantial reinforcement of the beleaguered colonial militia.

The story of *les filles du roi*, ("the King's daughters"—though in truth many were almost the same age as Louis XIV himself), is a remarkable chapter in the story of New France. For eleven years, between 1663 and 1673, 770 young women were recruited for the sole purpose of providing wives for the single men of New France. The recruits

leine had been unusual from the beginning.

Overlapping the *filles du roi* recruitment program was the arrival of more than a thousand soldiers in the Régiment de Carignan-Salières who were sent to Quebec in 1665 with orders to invade Iroquois territory. Though the damage they inflicted was minimal, the campaign was the final straw for the Iroquois, at least in the short term. Weakened by military losses and devastated by disease, they agreed to a treaty in 1667 that brought peace to the region for twenty years and allowed the newly arriving maidens to focus on the business at hand. They laid to their task with a will, producing offspring at an annual rate of fifty-five to sixty-five births per thousand (a "natural" rate of increase—i.e., without artificial restraints on population—is considered to be between thirty and forty births per thousand, while Canada's rate hovers around eleven births per thousand today). The result was to significantly increase the population of New France, and in the process lay the foundations of Canada's francophone population.

By 1681 the population of New France had jumped to more than ten thousand, the majority of them *habitants* or peasant farmers. Young men coming of age in this peaceful rural atmosphere began to look farther afield for opportunity and freedom from colonial restraints. For many, the answer lay in the fur trade, but unable to obtain a *congé* or licence to trade (since the colonial government wanted both to control the trade and keep the boys at home), a substantial number turned to illicit trade and became *coureurs de bois*. Adventure, freedom, and the possibility of wealth beckoned, and soon young Quebeckers were heading by the hundreds west to the Upper Great Lakes.

In 1672, the number of free traders on the Straits of Mackinac was estimated to be between 300 and 400. Eight years later there were at least 800 and perhaps many more, for as one official in New France wrote, "I have never been able to ascertain the exact number because everyone associated with them covers up for them."

There, in the heart of Old Michigan, these young traders found Ojibwa and Odawa wives. Prefacing another notable mixed-blood community that would evolve more than a century later in Manitoba, the cultures and nationalities merged into a new people—the Métis—who would effectively open much of North America to the fur trade.

The family of Mathurin Cadot embod-

Though at first the Hudson's Bay Company forbade unions between traders and native women, it eventually saw the benefit to accepting them. Marriage contracts such as this, which became common after the HBC merged with the North West Company in 1821, formalized the "country marriages" of the past, giving wives legal protection and ensuring that husbands fulfilled their financial responsibilities. Such marriages were sanctioned by the civil authority of the Hudson's Bay Company through their chief factors, in this case George Keith, who was in charge of the English River department in northern Saskatchewan. With the coming of Christian missionaries, a clause was added requesting married couples undergo a religious ceremony when a clergyman became available.

The marriage contract shown here, between a Hudson's Bay Company trader and his native wife, reads as follows:

This contract was made and agreed to between Ignace McDonnel, formerly of the Red River Settlement, now resident in the Indian Country and Margrite Paul (adopted daughter of Joseph Paul, from the Lower Canada) and now residing in the said Indian Country with the consent of Baptiste Paul, her brother.

The said Ignace McDonnel voluntarily promises and swears faithfully to take, at the first opportunity, for legal spouse the said Margrite, before God, to protect, to cherish and to maintain her in health as in sickness, as long as she lives. Furthermore, and in case Margrite Paul survives him, the said Ignace McDonnel voluntarily swears to give and leave, for the only profit, usage and benefit of the said Margrite Paul and of the children born after the execution of this contract, all the moneys or possessions, in currency, in land, in furniture or others, that the said Ignace McDonnel may possess at his death. In case the said Ignace McDonnel dies or fails to fulfill faithfully the conventions and dispositions aforementioned, before marrying the said Margrite Paul, he agrees

and voluntarily swears to give and to transfer to the said Margrite Paul all currency and money that he now owns or that will own, in the hands of the Honourable Hudson Bay Company and Society and of its agents.

Made and signed at the Fort Ile a la Crosse, in the English River District, on the second of the month of June, eighteen hundred and twenty six and signed except by the said Ignace McDonnel and Margrite Paul, who said upon enquiry that they did not know how. They placed their normal mark on two copies after listening to the reading in presence of the witnesses who signed this contract.

Witnesses
George Keith

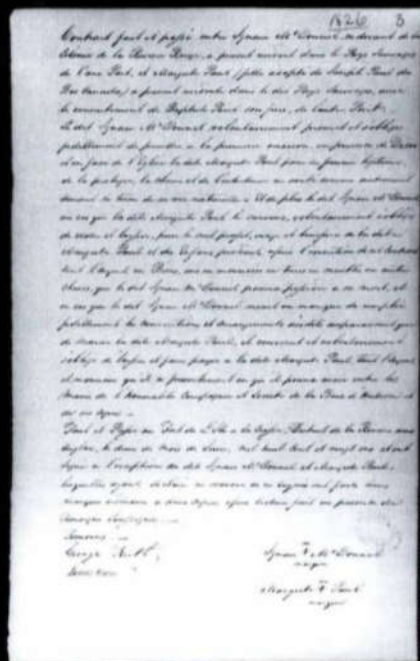
James Heron

Ignace McDonnel

X

Margrite Paul

X



HONOURABLE HBC COMPANY ARCHIVES

The London Committee bent the other way, engaging youths on the cusp of manhood and expecting them to remain celibate during terms of up to seven years service.

ied much of this history of New France. Travelling to Sault Ste. Marie as a youngster in 1670, Mathurin found he loved the life, and for fifteen years, he traded illicitly before obtaining a *congé* in 1686. The licence allowed him the freedom to hire others to do the trading, while he married and settled down to the life of a *habitant* near Trois-Rivières. Three of his sons followed suit, making trips to Michilimackinac on the strait between Lakes Huron and Michigan, then using their fur-trade profits to purchase cleared land in Quebec.

But the family tradition of farming held no attraction for the eldest of the third generation of Cadots, Jean-Baptiste. In 1742, at eighteen, he signed on with a fur-trading concern on the shores of Lake Superior and quickly found that life in the *pays d'en haut* suited him perfectly. He learned to speak Ojibwa and married Anastasie, the daughter of a well-known Ojibwa chief, in Ste. Anne's Church on Mackinac Island.

With a foot firmly in both camps, the Cadots played a significant role in many of the key political and military events over the

next forty years. In the 1750s, he was a mediator and interpreter for the French in the Sault Ste. Marie area; she was active in conducting the trading operations in his absence. A decade later, at the end of the Seven Years' War, the Cadots played host to the New England trader Alexander Henry the Elder for a winter. By the 1760s, Jean-Baptiste was representing British interests in the region, and earning enough from trading to be able to afford to send his wife and three children to Montreal, where the youngsters were educated. Finally, in the mid-1770s, Cadot, Henry, and several other merchants took a brigade of canoes all the way northwest to the Saskatchewan River, beginning a trend that would lead to the fur trade's most ruthless competition period.

Anastasie died in 1776, but the couple's children finished their education in Montreal before returning to the Sault. Both Jean-Baptiste Jr. and Michel (both used the spelling "Cadotte") followed their father into the fur trade, and in 1784, the senior Cadot was named to Michigan's first board of trade. In 1785, the family firm sent more

"The Most Beautiful Girl in Red River"

John Peter Pruden, retired chief factor for the Hudson's Bay Company, was a man accustomed to being obeyed. The exception, apparently, was his lovely daughter Caroline, a child of his late middle age who inherited his independent spirit. As she grew to womanhood, her father, undoubtedly wary of the reaction she created among members of the opposite sex, became particularly stern.

There were certainly enough young men to go around, for in 1846 (when Caroline was fifteen), the British Government sent 500 soldiers of the Sixth Royal Regiment of Foot to Red River causing great excitement in the community. In the spring of 1848, a ball was held at Lower Fort Garry, a gala affair, according to Dr. John Bunn: "Polkas, gallops, waltzes,

quadrilles, cotillions ... reels and jigs, employed the heels and talents of the assembly," he wrote. And Caroline Pruden, along with Margaret and Harriet Sinclair, were the belles of the evening.

Many years later, Harriet Sinclair Cowan wrote that "Caroline Pruden was the most beautiful girl in Red River and she kept her beauty all her life." But the ball of 1848 was memorable for another reason, she recalled. "The polka was new. Somebody had just brought it from New York. There was a great deal of talk about it ... and Mr. Pruden ... had forbidden Caroline to dance it [though] her stepmother said she saw no harm in it. But Mr. Pruden came to the door of the ballroom ... and when he saw Caroline dancing it, he stood there scowling and waiting. The moment the

dance was ended, he held up his finger to her and said 'Miss Disobedience, come here' and he made her put on her wraps and made his wife come too and drove home with them."

The incident didn't dampen Caroline's spirits, for two years later, following her marriage to Thomas Sinclair, a well-to-do freighter and son of Chief Factor William Sinclair, for her honeymoon she travelled by York boat to York Factory, the only woman with a brigade of men. Among the goods transported back to Red River were the bells for St. Andrew's on the Red. At their first overnight campsite on the Hayes River, the boatmen took the bells, hung them from the highest tree in the area, and rang them in honour of the beautiful bride. ❧

—Robert Pruden and Barbara Huck

Caroline Pruden Sinclair, circa 1860. The daughter of Chief Factor John Peter Pruden and his country wife Nancy, she was one of twelve children born of the union.



than 36,000 *livres* worth of furs back to Montreal, and succeeding generations worked in the fur trade for another fifty years. Clearly, unions between French or Canadian men and native North American women could result in social, political, and economic advantages.

In the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, the situation was very different. One of the first bayside governors, Henry Sargent, brought his wife and family, as well as her female companion and the family chaplain, with him when he took over at Moose Factory and Fort Albany on James Bay in 1683. Though Mrs. Sargent made a valiant effort at creating a speck of domesticity in the North American wilderness, the experiment marked the only English attempt at settlement in Rupert's Land for nearly a century and a half. In fact, the London Committee soon bent the other way, engaging youths on the cusp of manhood and expecting them to remain celibate during terms of up to seven years service. Not only were women not allowed to accompany their men to "the ould Nor'Wast," but the "Company servants," as hired employees were termed, were actively discouraged, even disciplined, if they were found consorting with Cree or Dene women at the bayside posts. They were, in short, expected to be virtual monks. And those who did have relationships, and children, were expected to abandon them when their term of service was over.

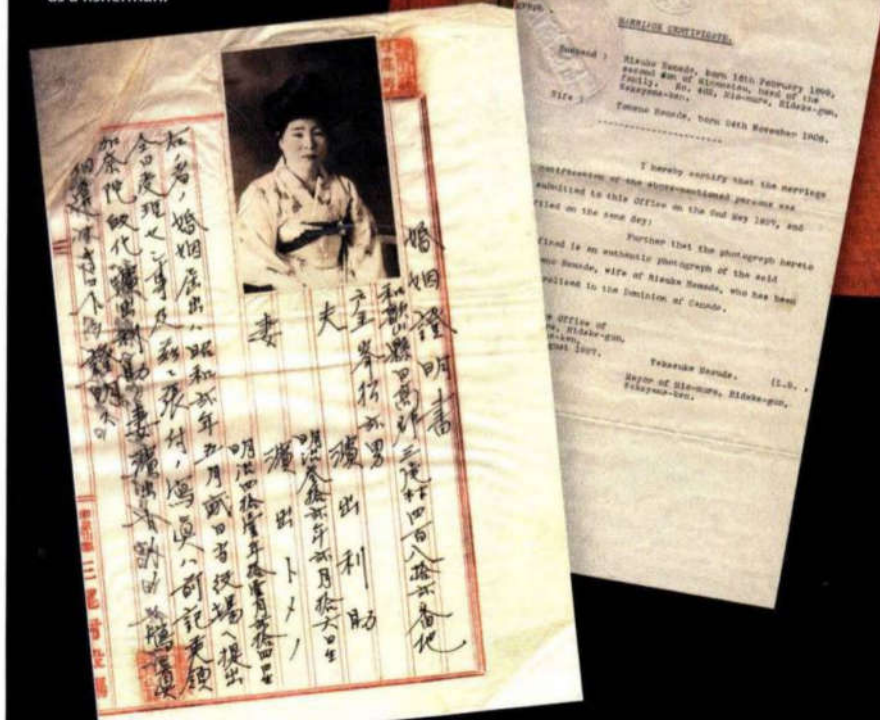
Yet the services of the women (beyond any sexual involvement) were absolutely essential to the smooth running of the company's affairs. They served as cultural and linguistic interpreters; they trapped small game and fished (and on more than one occasion were responsible for providing the only food available at a post, thus saving the men from starvation). They sewed moccasins, netted snowshoes, and made pemmican. They prepared the skins for shipment and often made beautiful clothing. They cleaned and washed and, in later years, cared for large gardens at many posts.

Not surprisingly, the regulations ordering celibacy were rarely obeyed, and company officers, serving long terms of em-

The visa and marriage documents (below) of Tomeno Hamade. Intrigued with the possibility of living in North America, she consented to correspond with a young Japanese Canadian man, Risuke Hamade. They married by proxy on May 2, 1927; she emigrated in October of that year, age nineteen.



When the newlywed couple posed for these photographs (above) in Vancouver in 1928, soon after Mrs. Hamade's arrival, it was the first time she had worn western dress. The couple later settled in Ucluelet, on the west shore of Vancouver Island, where Risuke worked as a fisherman.



ployment, were often the worst offenders. Anxious to retain those who could stand the rigours of a long tenure on the bay, the London Committee was forced to turn a blind eye to these indiscretions, creating a hypocritical two-tiered system. Three generations of the Norton family shed light on the complications created by the HBC's explicit, implicit, and illicit regulations.

Richard Norton, who began his career as a thirteen-year-old apprentice with the HBC in 1714, displayed a talent for languages that soon drew attention to him. Mentored by Thomas McCliesh, then governor at York Fort, Norton eventually married McCliesh's daughter Elizabeth in England. But Elizabeth was forced to stay behind when Richard returned to the bay, apparently to a Cree woman he had earlier partnered. Over the years, as he rose to become governor at Churchill, Richard apparently had a series of liaisons, not only in North America but perhaps in England as well. In 1739, the committee was forced to acknowledge his Cree partner in Churchill, though it quibbled about providing for her and her children.

These complicated relationships did not prevent the company from hiring Richard's son Moses, born out of wedlock, though whether to a Cree mother or a mistress in England is not clear. Moses must have been either reasonably well educated or astute in business, for he too rose to become governor at Churchill, and outdid his father at promiscuity. A rather jaundiced Samuel Hearne described Moses's family circumstances as a "harem," comprising "five or six of the finest Indian girls which he could select."*

Despite his distaste for Moses, Hearne (who succeeded the Nortons as governor at Fort Prince of Wales) fell head over heels in love with his favourite daughter, Mary. Her "benevolence, humanity, and scrupulous adherence to truth and honesty," wrote Hearne, "would have done honour to the most enlightened and devout Christian." Alas, when Hearne surrendered the fort to the French in 1782 and was taken prisoner, Mary, like many of her Cree relatives, starved to death the following winter. Returning to the plundered fort, Hearne wrote bitterly that she had perished "a martyr to the principles of virtue."

Mary was, it seems, truer to her Cree roots than the members of her mother's harem. According to a number of contemporary observers, Cree women (and therefore most Cree marriages) were noted for monogamy. Though Cree marriage ceremonies were simple, wrote William Falconer, an offi-

cer at Severn House in the 1760s and 1770s, both husband and wife "performs their dutys, and are more chaste to each other than the more civilized Nations who are instructed with the Dutys of Christianity."

Unlike the Nortons, many English and most Orcadian employees of the HBC also were single-minded about their relationships with native North American women. Their "country marriages"—according to the custom of the country, *à la façon du pays*—often lasted for life, and eventually the HBC recognized its responsibility in supporting these fur-trade families. By the 1790s, the company had also recognized that if it provided education for the offspring of these unions, it could develop its own pool of uniquely qualified talent, both male and female.

One who displayed such marital fidelity was Isaac Batt, an Englishman who arrived at York Factory in 1754 and within two years took a Cree wife. Batt became one of the company's most widely travelled traders, and his wife travelled with him until he was murdered in 1791, one of a very few HBC employees to die violently at the hands of others. Their daughter, Nestichio (in Cree her name, suitably, means "three persons in one"), was raised to be at home in both cultures. Some time in the 1780s, she married an Orcadian, James Spence.

By the late 1700s, the HBC was largely staffed by Oradians, a group well known for its industriousness and sobriety. Less well known perhaps is that Orkney men also distinguished themselves by their marital fidelity, as the Spences and their descendants illustrate.

Nestichio and James had four children before James died accidentally at Buckingham House in northeastern Alberta in 1795. After his death, HBC governor William Tomison, another Orcadian, saw to it that his widow and the children were provided for under the terms of Spence's will. She never married again, but lived a long life that eventually took her to Red River (now Winnipeg). Her descendants moved to all parts of the continent.

Though their circumstances differed substantially, young French and English men both had at least some opportunities for choice when it came to selecting a wife in North America. And the women they met and married also had options. Those options were considerably more limited for the Japanese men who began to arrive in Canada in the 1880s and 1890s and the women who followed them between 1908 and 1928.

The *dekasegi rodō*—"temporary migrant

*Sir George Simpson, governor of the HBC from 1821 to 1860, was also known for his promiscuity and for abandoning a series of women and at least five children, including those of his country wife Margaret Taylor, much to the dismay of his more honourable subordinates. In the autumn of 1830, when Simpson returned to Rupert's Land from Britain following marriage to his eighteen-year-old cousin, Frances, it is said that Margaret Taylor was literally whisked out the back door as his new wife entered the front.

workers"—were constrained by several things: the values of the samurai culture in Japan, which stressed filial piety and duty rather than love and affection; a belief in the importance of Japanese racial purity and cultural isolation; and the racial discrimination and lack of opportunity that the largely unilingual workers faced in work camps on Canada's west coast. But as it turned out, the *dekasegi* were aided in finding a solution by Japan's Meiji educational system, which gave girls a compulsory education aimed at producing tractable young women who would obey first their fathers, then their husbands, and eventually their sons. With this background, thousands of these women willingly became Canada's "picture brides."

In the beginning, the *dekasegi* mostly came to Canada expecting to work for a number of years on the railways or in the canneries or logging camps and then return home with their earnings to marry and raise a family. But low wages, miserable living conditions, and the temptations of gambling and drink prevented many from raising the necessary capital to return to Japan. By the early years of the twentieth century, the number of single Asian males in British Columbia was causing tensions, which culminated in a major riot in Vancouver in 1907. The government's response was twofold: to limit the number of new workers and to allow wives or potential wives to immigrate.

The result was the picture bride or *shashin kekon*—"photo marriage"—system, in which prospective newlyweds exchanged photographs and married by proxy prior to her emigration. Not only did the young women have to submit to marrying someone they did not know, a familiar circumstance in a country where marriages were often arranged by families, but they had to endure this new life in a strange country far from home, in hostile white communities where they didn't speak the language. The remarkable thing is that a substantial number of the nearly seven thousand picture brides who came to Canada did so by choice. While fathers or elder brothers did force many young women to accept this fate, the majority, according to a recent study by Midge Ayukawa, played an "active role in the decision to marry and emigrate to 'Amerika.'" All recognized that spinsterhood was unacceptable in Japan, some felt that emigration offered opportunities unavailable at home, and a few were simply looking for adventure. For them, the hardship and discrimination were balanced by opportunity. They "married Amerika, not the man."

It was nevertheless a difficult transition. The men were often poor, sometimes ignorant or even brutal. The conditions were frequently appalling. Children were born in lonely shacks without assistance, a stark contrast to the family-centred birthing situation in Japan. But the young women had been trained to deal with these circumstances. Meiji women strove to be "modest, courageous, frugal, literate, hardworking, and productive." Many laboured at day jobs, even when their children were young, to provide the means to educate them. One, the widow of a fisherman, took over his boat until her eldest son was old enough to get a fishing licence. Another ran the family inn when her husband died.

But a number refused to put up with the hardship or domestic abuse that sometimes resulted, instead striking out on their own. One such was Kiyoko Tanaka-Goto, whose story was included in Ayukawa's "Good Wives and Wise Mothers," an article in *BC Studies*. She arrived in Canada in 1914 as a nineteen-year-old picture bride and laboured with her first husband, Mr. Tanaka, on farms in Duncan and on Salt Spring Island. Hoarding every penny, she saved enough to leave her husband after four years, and went to Vancouver where she purchased a bawdy house with three other Japanese women. They converted it into a successful restaurant and bar. Later, she moved to Kamloops and was briefly married to a Mr. Goto. Eventually returning to Vancouver, she ran another business until 1942, when Canadian officials attempted to place her in a detention camp. Refusing to be forcibly detained, she was sent to prison instead. On release she masqueraded as a Chinese and slipped back to Vancouver, well ahead of the return of most Japanese in 1949. Clearly, Kiyoko Tanaka-Goto was anything but a tractable Meiji woman.

On balance, though both the methods of finding a partner in the "New World" and the results of those couplings were many and varied, the thousands of successful unions point to the universality of the human condition. No matter that geographically, culturally, and linguistically a prospective mate might be literally from another world, the power of love, combined with commitment and caring, could span the globe. ■

Barbara Huck is a writer and editor with a passion for history. The winner of several writing awards, she is managing partner of Heartland Associates, a publisher of books on North American heritage and nature.

Options were considerably more limited for the Japanese men who began to arrive in Canada in the 1880s and 1890s and the women who followed them ... [to] new life in a strange country far from home, in hostile white communities where they didn't speak the language.

by Adrienne Leduc

A Fille du Roi's Passage

Most French Canadians can trace their lineage back to one or another of the filles du roi who arrived in Quebec in the mid-seventeenth century. One of them, Jeanne Faucheux, married Antoine Leduc, a coureur de bois, and started a dynasty. In this letter to her husband's ancestor, Adrienne Leduc paints an intimate portrait of one young woman's new life in New France and finds that she and Jeanne have more than a little in common.

Dearest Jeanne,
My search for you came full circle when I visited your birthplace, Huisseau-sur-Mauves, seventeen kilometres west of Orléans, France. You grew up in Huisseau, where a maze of small creeks meanders throughout the farming community. More than three hundred years ago some three hundred families cultivated grain, hemp, grapes, and shallots there.

In my imagination I could see you praying in the local church dedicated to St-Pierre-ès-Liens. In 1671 the priest there recruited you to immigrate to New France as a *fille du roi*. The term *filles du roi* (king's daughters) suggests that the girls were wards of Louis XIV, but most of them were orphans and all were part of a program to advance the settlement of the king's colony in New France. The king himself paid for the voyage. Like other *filles du roi* before you (between 1663 and 1673 some 770 young women sailed for New France; see "Love in Another World," page 12), you agreed to make the journey and marry a colonist. The administrators of New France wanted healthy girls with pleasant features, who would be capable of adapting to the climate. At seventeen, you were also the right age for childbearing—an important consideration for a group of girls who would become the ancestors of most French Canadians.*

There was also talk that after your arrival in New France you would receive a dowry of fifty *livres* when you signed your marriage contract. In France at that time, as in many countries, conventional dowries for orphans were negligible. A girl needed a dowry, no matter how small, either to enter a convent as a nun or to get married. At last, in New France, you would have the future that was denied to you in your homeland.

After you received the necessary certificate of good behaviour, you were transported to La Rochelle, the port of departure. Here, you and 124 other girls were cared for in a convent. Madame Bourdon, a widow from Quebec, and Elisabeth Etienne from France, would accompany your group across the ocean.

Apart from the ten *livres* paid for recruitment and transportation to La Rochelle, every future bride received thirty *livres* for clothing and sixty *livres* for transportation to Canada. The king also bestowed every girl with a



In the background: The château at Huisseau-sur-Mauves, the village where Jeanne Faucheux was born and raised. Located at the centre of the village, the château was once surrounded by a moat with two drawbridges. The ruins of the twelfth-century church in which Faucheux prayed are still attached to the building. There, the local priest may have recruited Jeanne for her journey to New France.

*One of them, Catherine Baillon, who arrived in 1669, has among her direct descendants Jean Chrétien, Lucien Bouchard, and Céline Dion.

wooden chest, filled with a headdress, taffeta handkerchief, bonnet, comb, spool of white thread, one pair of shoe ribbons, stockings, gloves, scissors, two knives, 100 sewing needles, 1,000 pins, four lace braids, and a small box with two *livres* in coins.

Jeanne, without doubt the expected dowry must have given you hope, and helped you to see the new colony as a means of escaping the hardship and poverty that would be your lot in France. And so, of your own free will, you embarked and crossed the Atlantic with your companions, under rigorous discipline and protection.

You probably knew nothing about New France, except for descriptions quoted during Sunday Mass from the Jesuit *Relations*, the reports of life in New France seen through the missionaries' eyes. New France was rumoured to be a *lieu d'horreur* (place of horrors) and *aux faubourg de l'enfer* (the outskirts of hell). Emigrating in very difficult conditions, you were a courageous, daring spirit. But you must have wondered who your future husband would be.

And like your companions of the day, you must have expected love might come only after marriage—if ever. I will never know what went through your mind during the voyage across the Atlantic—the talks you had with your companions about your dreams and expectations.

It is understandable that you worried about storms and possible pirate attacks. The shipboard diet, a daily ration of five hundred grams of hard-tack biscuits, cheese, and smoke-cured meats, was totally lacking in fresh vegetables. If one of you became ill, there was no treatment. Those of you who died were sewn up in sailcloth, weighed down by a cannonball, and simply dropped into the sea, while the captain recited a funeral oration.

Were you relieved when the ship finally made its way up the St. Lawrence River? Now, after a nine-week journey, you had your first glimpse of the new country. When Quebec rose up on a spur of high ground, with Cap-Diamant, ninety metres high, dominating the shoreline, someone surely pointed out Fort St. Louis and the cathedral, with the Jesuit college behind it. Were you impressed when cannon shots welcomed the ship and you heard the church bells toll? It must have been heartwarming to see the waving, cheering crowd gathered on the shore of the Lower Town. The arrival of the brides-to-be was a big event, and undoubtedly you made frantic efforts to appear your very best. Still, the crowding onboard ship and the scarcity of supplies surely made this extremely difficult. I imagine that you checked your bonnet, adjusted the multicoloured shawl covering your shoulders, and straightened your *fardine* skirt.

When in the early autumn of 1671 the French frigates carrying the *filles du roi* were sighted approaching the Gulf of St. Lawrence, canoeists quickly spread the news throughout the colony. Priests announced the sightings during Sunday Mass and seigneurs told their tenants. Soon the bachelors flocked to the town of Quebec.

Jeanne, you were certainly unaware that on October 20, 1671, Intendant Jean Talon had given extraordinary orders to the local bachelors. If these men, mostly *coureurs de bois*, were not married within fifteen days after the arrival

of the vessels carrying the *filles du roi*, they would be deprived of the right to trade, hunt, or fish. And the privileges of church and community would be withheld from them.

I can envision your uneasiness when a large group of young men stood jostling for a better look at you after your arrival. As you and your companions climbed Côte-de-la-Montagne, the corduroy road that led up the mountain, the bachelors surely followed—even when some of them were reluctant to get married and give up their freedom.

Because plans to build a house to receive the *filles du roi* had been abandoned in 1667 for lack of funds, you and your group of female immigrants were placed under the authority of the Ursulines and Hôtel Dieu nuns. These women, delegated by royal warrant, had been ordered to accept the king's protégées into their care. The widow Madame Bourdon, who knew the name and background of every girl, kept an eye on your activities.

Then my research stalled. I could find no record of either your religious marriage or your marriage contract—a legislated prenuptial notary document that usually noted the birthplace of bride and groom and their parents' names. In my need to know you better—to give you a face and personality—I had to rely on other documents.

Your death certificate indicated that you died at Ste-Anne-de-la-Pérade, near Trois-Rivières, on November 20, 1721. Documents revealed that your first home was on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, just east of the Gentilly River—now home to a nuclear station and out of bounds to visitors. Later you moved across the St. Lawrence River to Grondines. Here, on October 2, 1675, assisted by your female friends, you gave birth to your daughter Françoise. The following June, you and several of your neighbours received the sacrament of confirmation from Bishop Laval, who travelled by canoe from the town of Quebec. A few years later you moved again, following your restless hus-

For several years I had carried your story in my imagination without realizing the similarity in our lives. As I evaluated the document I recalled events in my own life, stretching back more than fifty years. Had history repeated itself?

band to Ste-Anne-de-la-Pérade, where eventually you gave birth to two sons.

As I continued my research, I would occasionally find your name and read about the daily life in each of the seigneuries in which you lived. More and more I began to understand some of your husband's motivations. I could now visualize you meeting Antoine, a *coureur de bois*. He was probably wearing the usual leather outfit, his coat decorated with long fringes along the back and sleeves. To you he must have appeared quite different from the young peasants in France who wore colourful clothing of reds and pinks.

I learned that, like the other bachelors who wished to



Louis XIV receiving the girls to be sent to Canada, watercolour by Charles William Jefferys (1869-1951).

Did the king of France receive at court the young women who were called the *filles du roi*? Perhaps a representative sample, as this idealized portrayal suggests, but many of the women who travelled to New France between 1663 and 1673 were recruited from the provinces and sent to the port at La Rochelle, one of the main embarkation reports for Quebec.

The term *filles du roi* was originally applied to orphan girls raised in France in state-run institutions. The king stood *in loco parentis* for these girls, having the same legal relationship as a father to his daughters. But the women brought to New France were not all orphans. With an average age of twenty-four, some came from peasant families; others from towns and cities; some were even married women seeking to escape abusive husbands. If they didn't expect to find love in the New World, they hoped at least for a better life.

marry, Antoine had to address himself to your chaperones and was obliged to declare his possessions. He undoubtedly mentioned the contract with his farming partner, Jean Harel, and that together they had leased a large tract of land, now under cultivation. Your future husband would have explained that they had three heifers, three calves, two oxen, and several pigs. As was the rule, Antoine would also have promised to supply you, his bride, with essential provisions for the next twelve months—until the land would provide again. Did Antoine tell you that he shared a one-room cottage, five-by-five metres, with Harel who was now marrying your travel companion, a *fille du roi* named Marie Pescher?

Jeanne, I wonder if you accepted Antoine's marriage proposal because his partner chose your friend, Marie? Of course, I will never know. I can picture both of you, after your church wedding, hurrying to his canoe. It is easy to imagine the curving prow cutting acute angles into the glassy water, as you were carried along shores still covered with virgin hardwood forest. You saw the tiny wooden homes, far from one another, lost in a wilderness. When you arrived and entered your husband's one-room home, the sight of the hearth must have struck you first. When you noticed the proverbial *cabanes*, a type of wardrobe that at least would allow some privacy for undressing and sleeping, you probably felt relief and were pleased to see the beds covered with furs.

Jeanne, after years of searching, I was thrilled to finally discover a notary contract that shed light on your marriage. Three witnesses signed this document drawn up at Ste-Anne-de-la-Pérade and dated February 17, 1682. Before notary Michel Roy, your husband Antoine declared that he had married you eleven years earlier. Your marriage had taken place in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman faith. However, he also declared that he had neglected to draw up the required marriage contract. Of course I don't know the reason your husband neglected to have a notary draw up your prenuptial contract. Was he perhaps influenced by the lack of government funds available for dowries after 1671, with only perishable food handed out instead? Or was it to avoid the notary's fee?

Occasionally, Jeanne, while I reread the records and collected background on your passage to Canada, vague images haunted me. But reading the 1682 document was like touching an electric current. I felt I was in direct contact with you. For several years I had carried your story in my imagination without realizing the similarity in our lives. As I evaluated the document I recalled events in my own life, stretching back more than fifty years. Had history repeated itself?

In 1946, 275 years after your arrival in Canada as a *fille du roi*, another group of young women crossed the Atlantic. That year more than forty-eight thousand war brides came to join their Canadian husbands. I can identify with you, Jeanne, because I was one of these young women.

From the chief of police in my hometown in Belgium, I, too, received the necessary certificate of good behaviour. Later came a visit from the Canadian Army padre and a medical examination by a Canadian doctor, followed by blood tests. Finally, on December 27, 1945, I married one of your descendants.

The following month my new husband left for Canada. I was eager to join him, despite my apprehension of going to a country where people did not speak my language. Besides, in those days, travel was a luxury, and I was not sure that I would ever see my parents again. In July of 1946, I boarded the *Queen Mary* and, like the *filles du roi* before me, travelled to Canada to make a new life. ■

Adrienne Leduc is a Vancouver writer with a special interest in early Canadian history. She previously wrote on the currency of New France for the August/September 2000 issue of the *Beaver*.



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Love in Code

Born at Halifax in 1845, John Sparrow David Thompson served as alderman for his native city, as a member of the Nova Scotia Assembly and briefly as premier, and as a judge of the

Supreme Court of Nova Scotia before accepting Sir John A. Macdonald's invitation in 1885 to serve in his Conservative cabinet. Seven years later he was prime minister. His wife Annie and their five children did not join him in Ottawa for another three years. In the meantime, absence made the heart grow fonder. In their correspondence,



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C12188

Thompson was "Grunt," Annie was "Baby," and their short-hand correspondence was filled with teasing entendres. He ends several letters with a salacious promise to give Annie a good "whipping" or "warming" when he returns to Halifax. Elsewhere he writes: "I am so fond of you that I want to give you a good licking."

Annie Affleck, shown here at about the time of her marriage to Thompson in 1870, was an intelligent, sensitive, and sensual woman who kept her suitor waiting three years before consenting to be married. She was Catholic, he was Methodist, at a time when religious differences could be an impediment to marriage. Short-

hand became their way to code their letters, but at first it provided the vehicle for their courtship. By presenting himself as Annie's tutor in shorthand and French, Thompson was able to gain entrance to the Affleck household and disarm her

parents. Before their marriage, he also used shorthand in letters to Annie to disguise his true feelings from Annie's mother, who he knew was censoring her mail.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C19302

by P.B. Waite Canada's fourth prime minister, John Thompson, was as devoted to his wife as she was to him. When politics drew him away and Annie remained at home, they wrote to each other every day, filling their letters with the minutiae of daily life – and with something more: John and Annie were

Annie Affleck was a Halifax sea captain's daughter, and it showed. Bold, vivacious, even at times reckless, she reminded one of Catherine Linton in *Wuthering Heights*—having measured the occasion, she was willing to throw caution to the winds. Of a suitor prior to Thompson, she said, "Let him get now out of my mind altogether and he that I would of once dared anything for." That was Annie—high-spirited and unafraid. She was often a creature of her own impulses, indeed at times a victim of them, swung upon great swells of exhilaration and depression. She was twenty-three years old when she first met John Thompson, early in 1867.

Her family was a decent Roman Catholic seafaring family. She was the eldest of eight children. Thompson came from a family perhaps less well off than hers. His father was a poet, newspaperman, teacher, friend of Joseph Howe's, none of which could have recommended him as being well off. John was the youngest of seven children. They were Methodists. The two families did not really approve of the courtship, though John Thompson Sr., the father, like many Methodists, believed in tolerance to Roman Catholics. "We live and let live," as John Wesley once put it. After Thompson's father died in October 1867, young Thompson's life became more complicated, for he was now the sole support of his mother and sister, his two older brothers having died abroad. Neither mother nor sister would have welcomed the prospect of Thompson's marrying, having children, and with a Catholic girl at that.

Annie's family's coolness to Thompson's courting produced a strange correspondence. Often his notes and letters were smuggled in to her. With others they devised the technique of writing their letters on the outside of a sheet of letter paper folded once. This produced two outside pages, 1 and 4, which would be a regular hand-written letter giving news of Thompson's doings and commending himself to her reluctant family. But on the inside pages, 2 and 3, there would be shorthand. One such letter still exists, although once Annie had a whole box full of them. I had no idea of what those neat, clear symbols represented. I had a photocopy made and took it everywhere. Even schools of shorthand did not know. That it was workable was certain, for both Thompson and his father both used it in reporting

BACKGROUND: SHORTHAND FROM THE THOMPSON PAPERS, NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA

passionate about each other, and their long separations fueled an erotic intensity that animated their written communications. But you won't find the evidence easily. The Thompsons were respectable Victorians. They wrote in code.

Annie was bold and spirited. Thompson was quiet and controlled. She needed ... to have a flywheel to control her centrifugal tendencies. He enjoyed the refreshment of them.

Nova Scotia Assembly debates. Then in June 1978, working in the British Library in London, I brought out my dog-eared copy of Thompson's shorthand and asked the librarian what she thought. She couldn't solve it, but she knew someone who might, Dr. Eric Sams, who had worked on cryptography during World War II. He cracked Thompson's shorthand in twenty-four hours. Not only that, he ascertained its origin. It was a late eighteenth-century British shorthand, revised in Rhode Island and published there in 1823 by J. Dodge. Thompson's father had learned it after his arrival in Halifax in 1827. Usable it patently was, but it had some peculiarities. It did not include any vowel sounds, registering only consonants. For example, the symbol for the letter *r* was a tick. That, standing by itself, could mean any one of: *or, are, ire, oar, our*. If one had the context, one could get the right word.

But it wasn't simple. *Roar* for example came out as two ticks hooked together. *D* was a slanted stroke, */*; *deed* was thus, *//*.

That summer of 1867 Thompson began teaching Annie shorthand (and French), and by September she was keeping her diary in shorthand. It is there, in Annie Affleck's diary, that her world of the 1860s starts to appear, and Thompson's courtship springs into life. By July 1867 Thompson was at Annie's five or six evenings a week.

Why they appealed to each other is a natural question, and like many natural questions not susceptible of an easy answer. Annie was bold and spirited. Thompson was quiet and controlled. She needed, and I think liked, to have a flywheel to control her centrifugal tendencies. He enjoyed the refreshment of them. She could be cross and irritable. "T.in.I did some French and fought." Thompson was disciplined, but he was not a cold fish. Rather he gave the impression of a powerful furnace, with coals well banked, but where an alteration of drafts and dampers could produce a raging fire. He had a lively, if ironic, sense of humour. They talked much about work and a woman's position—on wifely

submission, as Annie put it. Submissive she was not. Nevertheless Thompson seemed to be a man Annie could lean on in the hard business of living. She had been caught by his kindness and decency. "How could I live without him now?" she asked her diary on September 8. A few days later she confided, "I kissed Thompson tonight. Heaven help me if I am doing wrong. I can't live without some kindness." Increasingly, as November came on, Annie found herself lonely when Thompson was away or could not call. Is it me, she asked herself, or merely passion, that makes me so lonesome for him? By Christmas Eve they would sit in front of the fire, his arms around her, her head on his shoulder, and she glad to feel she was not alone in the world. Upstairs later she wrote,

I am quieter and happier and thank God after all this Christmas Eve was the most peaceful and happy of all that I have spent. God guard him and I along into the dark future, be it long or short.

Her diary ends on a philosophical note on New Year's Eve, 1867:

[Thompson is] the only one that cares for me in truth; for that I am content ... if he is to be in in the evening when he kisses me and tells me that I am all to him I feel happy; and when he goes I only think that tomorrow evening I will see him again for now I live for him. ... Who would have thought this night last year, that before he came to be all to me that he was to make me contented with life and that I would look up to anybody ...

Annie Affleck

Halifax, December 31st, just upon the stroke of 12 o'clock, back room in Starr Street.

From this point one is admitted to their life only through Thompson's letters to her, and hers to him. But they wrote each other nearly every day they were separated, and both were assiduous keepers of letters. Married in July 1870, between them they have probably the greatest husband-and-wife correspondence of any public figure in Canada.

Annie had nine pregnancies between 1870 and 1883. Five children lived. Thompson wrote to them, too, when he was away. He hated to be away from home. He hated to be away from his double bed with Annie. He hated electioneering, having to say things that would get attention somehow, bouncing from hotel to hotel, from one exigent constituent to another. Annie would cheer him up with letters and firmness, holding him to his duty, and in one remarkable letter delivering stiffening and coziness at one and the same time:

I wish I could be with you for one ten minutes to talk square to you. You want to know how I'll feel if you are beaten well child except for you being disappointed and tired to death not one row of pins. ... So keep up your courage and I'll go part of the way to meet you coming home win or lose they can't keep you from me much longer. ... So now my old baby you must not be such an awful awful baby until you get home and

then I'll see how far you can be indulged.

That was in 1882. In 1885 Annie pushed Thompson out of the house to accept Sir John A. Macdonald's invitation to become minister of justice. Thompson did not want to go. Annie said, "Go. Now you can show the world what you can do." So Thompson went. He found Ottawa very lonely without his wife and family. Annie said to him, "Don't mope. Go out to dinner with the men. Stop acting like a poor child out in the cold with such a 'nobody-to-care-for-you tone.'" When Thompson talked about giving it all up and coming home to Halifax she would write, "No, you shall not, you are there and the world must see what you are made of—so no more coaxing." In November 1885 when he was looking toward coming home for Christmas, Thompson made so bold as to ask her—in shorthand—if her December menstruation would be over before he came home. She answered him obliquely, November 25, "I will answer your pert question as to December in a day or two."

Happily, the family moved to Ottawa in the summer of 1888.

Six years later, December 12, 1894, came the news of Thompson's sudden death from heart attack in Windsor Castle. The news came at midmorning, and no one at first would believe it. An Ottawa reporter, wretched man, phoned Annie and asked if she had news of her husband's death. Not having even an intimation, her reaction can scarcely be imagined. Thompson had been everything to her; society, people, places, were almost matters of indifference unless it was a way to help him. It had been like that ever since 1867.

Her memory of him is enshrined in the Thompson Papers, which she assiduously collected and hovered over as long as she lived. She died of cancer in 1913, and the custodian of the papers then became her eldest son. He brought them almost untouched to the National Archives in 1949. Happily they are there still. ■

P.B. Waite is professor emeritus of history at Dalhousie University, Halifax. He is the author of *The Man from Halifax*, a biography of Sir John Thompson.

For a charivari (sometimes spelled *shivaree*) (near right), members of a community would dress in costume and hold a noisy mock serenade for newlywed couples.

A "seduced daughter" (far right) depicted in *Canadian Illustrated News*, January 17, 1880.

In the early nineteenth century, bundling permitted a degree of supervised sexual experimentation that was short of intercourse. But young men who abused their bundling privileges faced the wrath of the girls' fathers who might sue them in court for seduction.

Controlling

FROM W.S. WALSH, CURIOSITIES OF POPULAR CUSTOMS, 1898

Bundling: Premarital Permission

We tend to generalize nineteenth-century sexual mores as being pathologically straight-laced. While on the surface this may have been true, a little-known courtship ritual from the Canadian backwoods serves to challenge this popular perception. This custom, particular to the labouring poor, was known as "bundling."

An Upper Canadian journalist cautiously attempted to describe it in 1824 in the *Colonial Advocate*: "Common in some parts of the Canadas ... A young man visits a young woman to court her for marriage and is allowed to sleep with her, each keeping on a part of their clothes." Indeed, bundling actually took place in the young woman's house, with her parents' permission.

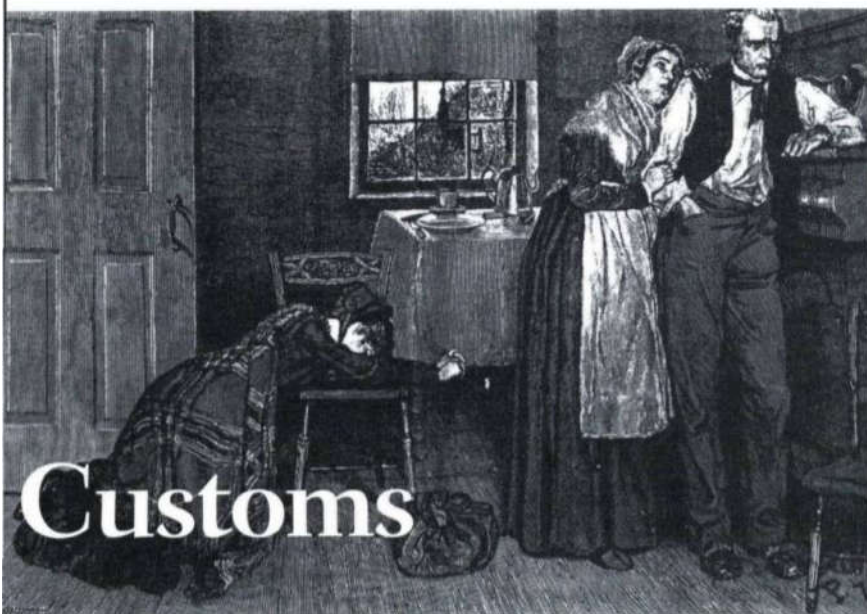
In an era when courtship was a closely monitored public display, bundling offered the betrothed couple a modicum of privacy that they would otherwise not have enjoyed. Such privacy permitted young couples to develop a personal intimacy and experiment with sexual compatibility. It was firmly expected, however, that erotic contact would halt prior to intercourse.

Constance Backhouse argues in *Petticoats and Prejudice* that bundling

provided a measure of protection to young women. "When sexual intimacy took place in her parents' house, with her parents' knowledge, a young man could be held accountable for his actions." Thus, if a couple bundled out of control and pregnancy resulted, mom and dad could conveniently rush the betrothed pair into an emergency wedding. The genius of bundling is that it remained private. Even in the atypical scenario when it got out of hand, couples and their families could keep face in their communities without anyone being the wiser.

However, two bundling scandals in Upper Canada in the mid-1820s created an outraged public sensation. Both cases, which went to trial, involved young men who had abused their bundling privileges, impregnated their female suitors, and then refused to marry them. During the Niagara bundling fiasco of 1824, a court reporter for the *Colonial Advocate* denounced bundling as "a disgrace to the country." If only the girl and her probundling family had "lived where an evangelized priest was made manifest, I am convinced that the disclosures she made ... would never have shocked the ears of a Niagara audience."

By the mid-1820s, however, it appears that bundling was in decline.



Customs

A young, beautiful, and virginal bride and groom paired in eternal troth is the usual stuff of love's sweet dream. But a wakeful world knows better. Many lovers through history have stubbornly resisted social standards. And sometimes society has had to make accommodation.

Though another bundling debacle would disgrace Upper Canada again the following year, the press alleged in 1824 that "the custom is, very deservedly, fast passing away." Backhouse attributes this ostensive shift to the mounting pressures of evangelical reformers, lending substance to the *Colonial Advocate's* contention. Religion notwithstanding, we must consider that, given the decidedly private nature of bundling, it would be difficult to accurately trace the custom's demise.

Charivari: Postmarital Censure

If a marriage offended public opinion, from the early days of New France well into the twentieth century, Canadians voiced their disapproval through the obstreperous and humiliating ritual of the charivari.

Charivaris were generally aimed at specific matrimonial faux pas: the widow who remarries only a few weeks after her late husband's funeral; the octogenarian who takes a youthful bride; the fresh-faced opportunist who marries himself into the fortune of an aging spinster. While it may never have been against the law to be a dirty old man or an avaricious social climber, such behaviour gravely offended the unwritten laws of acceptable social conduct. It was thus up to the boisterous participants of the

charivari to wield the gavel of popular justice and put the guilty parties in their place.

The ritual itself possessed a marked element of the carnivalesque. Blowing on horns, sawing cracked fiddles, clattering skillet lids together, and banging out vicious tattoos on tin pots and copper kettles, the whole of the outraged citizenry would assemble in a nocturnal display before the newlyweds' house. If the noise-bombarded couple dared to peer out through the bedroom curtains, they would have beheld a most frightful spectacle. As Susanna Moodie described it in 1852 in *Roughing It in the Bush*, the torch-lit antagonists disguised themselves in strange, ritualistic costumes, "putting their clothes on the hind part before, ... wearing horrible masks, with grotesque caps on their heads, adorned with cocks' feathers and bells." The crowd would then bang fiercely on the door, insisting that the couple pay the price of a peaceful honeymoon by furnishing the crowd with whisky, entertainment, or a sum of money for charity—sometimes as much as £100. Once the fee was paid, the humbled newlyweds were pardoned of their improprieties and the charivari was finished. But if the couple refused to pay, the crowd would return again and again every night until the fee was extorted.

Indeed, if charivari victims chose to resist the demands of the crowd, they were often met with varying degrees of violence. Queen's University social historian Bryan D. Palmer writes, for example, about an adulterous Ontario lawyer who, trying to flee the popular justice of his neighbours in 1868, was seized, manhandled, and hurled over a fence. Furthermore, when a remarried Montreal widower, one Mr. Holt, defiantly called in the authorities to oppress his charivari of 1823, the crowd smashed all his windows and ransacked his house. Worse still, out on the Ontario timber frontier in 1890, a gang of drink-sozzled lumberjacks charivaried the shanty of William Misner, who, they charged, had stolen another man's wife. Tearing the shingles off his roof and breaking down his door, the woodsmen shot Misner to death when he tried to resist. It appears, however, that most targets of the charivari wisely chose to swallow their pride and capitulate to the dictates of the crowd.

While that old British North America Act chestnut of "peace, order, and good government" typically characterizes Canadian political culture, the charivari suggests that when it came to asserting moral standards for marriage, only the politics of rowdiness would do. ■

by Matthew Rankin

Water falls. Newlyweds arrive. Honeymoons begin.

There's Something About Niagara

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COLLECTION OF KAREN DUBINSKY

It seemed like a simple enough question at the time. On an impromptu trip to Niagara Falls in May 1991, my beloved, a first-time visitor, gazed at the falls, leaned close to me, and murmured softly, "This place is so weird. How did it get this way?" "I don't know," I replied. "But I'm a historian. I'll find out."

A decade later I'm a lot wiser about the historical twists and turns that resulted in modern Niagara—one part amusement park, one part shrine to nature. In fact, this odd combination of lowbrow razzle-dazzle (what some people bemoan as "tacky") and highbrow nature worship is nothing new. Many respond to Niagara as a gigantic aquatic toy, while others insist it should be silently cherished and revered. These debates have been raging for at least two centuries.

But I'm still at a bit of a loss to come up with an answer

by Karen Dubinsky

to another question from Niagara's eclectic history—its status, until recently quite undisputed, as the "Honeymoon Capital of the World." What is so romantic about water falling over a cliff? Of all the ways to promote a waterfall, why honeymoons?

The answer isn't as obvious as I thought it would be. I assumed the Niagara-honeymoon association began with a clever entrepreneur—a Walt Disney of his day—who had managed to harness a cultural ritual to a particular place and style of celebration and fill his own hotel rooms in the process. Yet I discovered that the practice of the Niagara honeymoon actually predates its promotion by a good century. So why have people been taking honeymoons at Niagara since at least the 1820s, when the honeymoon industry didn't really take off until the 1930s?

I'm not the first person to ponder this question. H.G.

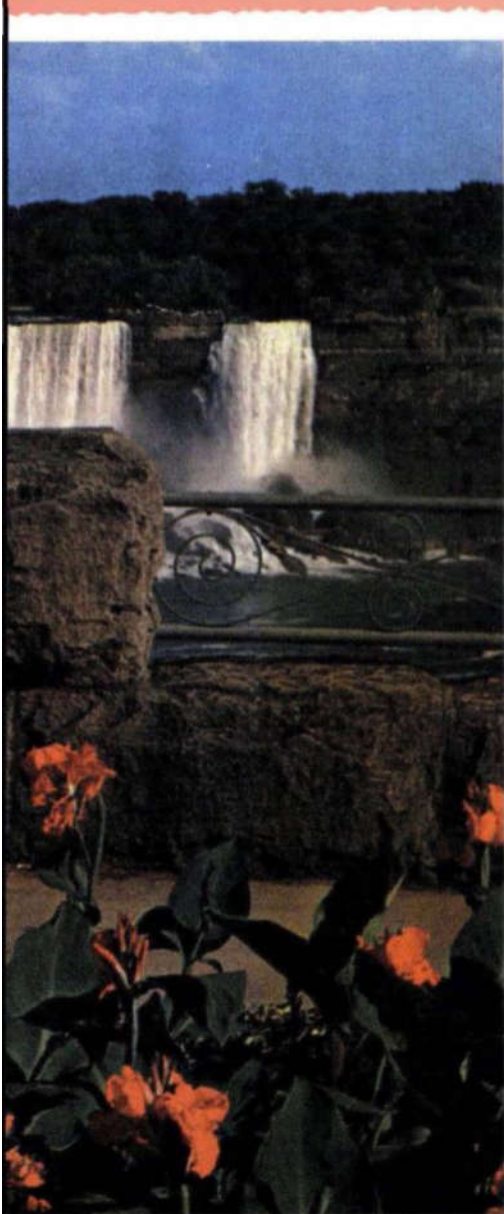
Wells, for example, mused in 1905 that the falling water drew honeymooners because it provided a sort of cover, a "noisy accessory to the artless love-making that fills the surrounding hotels." Others have advanced a quasi-scientific theory: Falling water creates negative ions that cheer people up and make them think about sex. The modern tourist industry at the falls says the answer lies in mimicry: A few moderately famous newlyweds chose Niagara as their honeymoon destination in the 1830s, and everyone else decided to copy them.

I think the origins of this curious waterfall/romance association lie in the long-standing connections between sex and tourism. In the nineteenth century people flocked to Canadian tourist destinations such as Niagara Falls and Banff at least in part to catch a glimpse of native people, whose perceived savagery was always tempered with a dash of romance. At the falls, for example, a fabricated Indian legend of the Maid of the Mist, in which an exotic, naked, native woman was tossed over the waterfall by her father to appease their brutal gods, entertained tourists and adorned many a postcard for generations.

Sex sells travel, and we might consider the honeymoon the original form of sex tourism. Niagara Falls was where you went when you had your sexual "papers." It welcomed—in fact embraced—the only officially sanctioned form of sexual expression in Western culture: that which took place between two married heterosexuals. The honeymoon has often been played for laughs, and by all accounts it was often seen as embarrassing and humorous. But it has always been *allowed*. Niagara's newlywed visitors always had the stamp of cultural approval. This is why we can learn so much about larger social and cultural trends through the lens of the Niagara honeymoon.

A honeymoon couple postcard (left) from the 1950s, the decade in which Niagara Falls reached its apotheosis as honeymoon destination. In the 1960s and beyond, however, mockery became the standard response to the Falls. The town's attractions were typically described as "tacky" or "cheesy," while the notion of spending a honeymoon there became more the province of those with an active sense of irony.

Above left: A detail from a 1915 Canada Steamship Lines brochure featuring the Maid of the Mist. The fabricated Maid of the Mist legend, about an Iroquois maiden (usually depicted nude) forced by her unfeeling father to descend the Falls in a canoe to appease their brutal gods, became a staple of nearly two centuries of tourist literature, notwithstanding the fact that human sacrifice was unknown among the Iroquois. The tale added spice to the Niagara tourist experience, and also confirmed for Euro-Canadians and Americans the value of colonialism to the New World because it reigned in the barbarism and hypersexuality of the colonized. After protests from native groups, the Maid of the Mist Steamboat Company stopped telling the tale as fact in 1996.



Mabel Hart and
Albert Freedman on their
honeymoon, 1909.



Let's follow three sets of honeymooners—all drawn from popular culture in different historical moments—as they made their way around the falls.

Basil and Isabel March are the protagonists of an 1871 novel by celebrated American writer William Dean Howells. *Their Wedding Journey* follows Basil and Isabel as they take the "Northern Tour," the North American version of the European Grand Tour, from New York north to the Great Lakes, including Niagara Falls, and then east through Quebec. Basil and Isabel had been married a few weeks prior to their wedding journey and had delayed their trip intentionally. "How much better," said Isabel, "to go now, when nobody cares whether you go or stay, than to have started off upon a wretched wedding breakfast, all tears and trousseau, and had people wanting to see you aboard the cars. Now there will not be a suspicion of honeymoonshine about us; we shall go just like anybody else." She added, with a conscious blush, "We shall not strike the public as bridal, shall we? My one horror in life is an evident bride."

Poor Isabel. Her determination not to reveal herself founders at Niagara, where she quickly finds that she is one of countless "evident" newlyweds. The place, she discovers, is "almost abandoned to bridal couples, and any one out of his honeymoon is in some degree an alien there."

Their Wedding Journey captures many of the themes that characterized the honeymoon in the nineteenth century.

Basil and Isabel March are well off, the sort of people who travelled—for pleasure—in this era. Of course the Marches were probably accompanied on their journey by their servants—who do we think carried the luggage? But their views on waterfalls or anything else have rarely entered the version of history we call travel narratives. The servants scarcely counted. As far as Basil and Isabel were concerned, they were alone, which was, in fact, the point of the exercise.

Isabel would probably not have been so concerned about appearances had she ventured on this journey a couple of centuries earlier. The honeymoon actually began as an overtly sexual ritual. Newlyweds were accompanied into the bedroom by relatives and friends who provided plenty of crude jokes, and a few risqué customs from this era—displaying the bride's garter, for example—linger on. Yet as other preindustrial rituals such as feasting, drinking, fairs, and wakes were cleaned up in the industrial era, so too did the honeymoon become a more chaste and discreet affair.

There was certainly a contradiction between this legacy of the overtly sexual honeymoon and nineteenth-century norms of modesty, and Victorians dealt with it simply: they desexed the honeymoon. This is why Isabel March did all she could to avoid the horror of being an "evident bride" and it's also why she, and countless others, made their way to Niagara Falls.

Niagara had been an elite holiday destination since it was first visited by tourists in the 1820s. In those days Niagara had the right pedigree, and it also possessed a great geographical advantage: it was remote, but not too remote. Since the sex and marriage experts of the day warned couples to escape the prying eyes of family and friends by disappearing during their honeymoon, Niagara was an ideal destination.

Of course, the irony was, as Isabel March feared, newlyweds at Niagara were as obvious and visible as falling water. "How they gushed and spooned, and gazed idiotically," wrote a newspaperman in 1879 of the honeymooners he encountered on the train to the falls. The private honeymoon was always an illusion, and through the twentieth century growing numbers of people expressed a strong desire to peer inside.

In the early twentieth century, the project of defining the honeymoon fell to more and different kinds of people. Along with sex experts came filmmakers, novelists, journalists, advertisers, tourist promoters, and especially doctors. Certainly honeymooners John and Mary Sims felt a bit crowded as they made their voyage to Niagara in 1929.

John and Mary Sims were the protagonists of King Vidor's classic silent film *The Crowd*. This film, which is about the alienation of modern urban life, centres on John Sims, the everyman character of his era. He works in a huge office; he lives in an impersonal city. Even his amusements reflects his solidly middle-of-the-road existence: On their first date he takes Mary to Coney Island and later he and Mary board a train to Niagara for their honeymoon. Onboard, he and Mary sit together nervously when night falls. They are hustled off to bed by the black porter ("Did I hear you-all speakin' 'bout havin' yo' bed made up?"), and we follow John as he prepares for bed. He changes, washes his face, and preens in the mirror, as two older gentlemen watch him through the open dressing-room door. The men smile indulgently as rice drops

from John's hair. He's been spotted as a newlywed. Something falls out the pocket of his dressing gown, and one of the men retrieves it for him. It's a popular sex manual, *What A Young Husband Ought to Know*. The two older men dissolve into raucous laughter as they return it to him. He is mortified.

John and Mary Sims were typical of their generation in many respects. The 1920s marked the era of middle-class travel, and millions of office workers and other white-collar employees hit the highways and rail lines. Niagara's tourist industry boomed. In one decade the number of hotels almost doubled, including the grand hotel of the twentieth century, the General Brock, which opened with much fanfare in 1929. The first stirrings of honeymoon promotion began at Niagara in this era, and it is clear that John Sims's Niagara Falls honeymoon was yet one more sign of his middle-class status.

Historians have identified the 1920s as the era in which heterosexuals "came out." Sexuality and sexual attraction began to occupy a more central place in modern ideas of personality and identity, and sexual happiness came to the fore as a primary purpose of marriage. This is why doctors and other experts turned their attention to the honeymoon, as many began to encourage patients to attend prewedding pep talks—"premarital medical examinations," as they termed it—before the big night. And as John Sims learned, the "bungling groom" was almost as inept and nervous as the "blushing bride." Marriage was too important to be left to the bride and groom alone. So while privacy was still expected, honeymoon companions, everyone from service-industry personnel to sex and marriage experts, were never far away.

As the honeymoon became ordinary, it also became much more visible and culturally interesting. In the 1920s and 1930s advertisers also began to treat the honeymooning couple as a stock character, which also indicates the growing links between honeymooning, travel, and consumption. Procter & Gamble, for example, placed ads in hotel industry trade journals in the 1930s that made the connection between honeymooning and consumption crystal clear. "Lucky the hotel that gets the patronage of this happy, free-spending couple," declared the ads for Camay Soap, which featured smiling, unashamed newlyweds checking into a hotel. An early indication of what would become commonplace in post-World War II pop culture, the ads identify honey-



Will the new Mr. and Mrs. CHECK IN AT YOUR HOTEL?

Remember, thousands of lovely brides have shown they prefer CAMAY!

These movies that make a hit with the happy honeymooners—that give them, writing its scenes to romance and thrillers—the one that puts particular attention to the smallest details of sex—its. For small details are mighty important in pleasing guests—in bringing them back again. That's why hundreds of successful hotels—the country over—feature Camay.

For Camay is a fine soap, preferred by millions of women—including those of Canada's best hotel. It's a soap they use regularly at home for the daily care of their skin. And Camay is equally popular with the men—for they like its quick-action lather, its thorough cleansing. Pure and delicately scented, Camay is remarkably mild. Its repeated tests against several other popular soaps, Camay has come out definitely, favorably rated! It lathers generously on hand or with water.

If Camay isn't already registered at your hotel—sign it up now. Here's a pleasant, trouble-free proof of service that will make your guests more comfortable for your hotel. Write to the Procter & Gamble Company of Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, for complete specifications and prices.

CAMAY

Procter & Gamble Co. of Canada

SOLE AGENTS

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE COMPANY
OF CANADA, LTD.

170 King St., Toronto, Ontario

There are four kinds of Camay: (1) 2 oz., 16 oz., and 1 lb. are wrapped in attractive green and white packages with space for the name of your hotel.

mooners as travellers, but they were also, importantly, shoppers.

Before World War II, this version of the honeymoon was a cultural norm only among the middle class. After the war, both heterosexuality and the honeymoon were transformed by huge changes in the economy, leisure time, family life, and gender identities. Public and thoroughly sexualized, honeymooners became ubiquitous figures in the mid-twentieth century, as everyone got into the act. In the 1940s and 1950s, it seemed that everyone was either getting married and having honeymoons, or writing, joking, singing, and making films or television shows about them.

So when Ray and Polly Cutler wheeled into the Rainbow Cabins at Niagara Falls in 1952, they were participating in a cultural ritual that was at its height. Indeed, the Cutlers helped to cement Niagara's status as the Honeymoon Capital of the World, for they were two of the newlyweds featured in Twentieth Century Fox's film, *Niagara*. The film's stars, Marilyn Monroe and Joseph Cotten, played George and Rose Loomis, an obsessive, out-of-control couple, the perfect foil for the happily normal newlyweds, the Cutlers. The film, a drama of sexual intrigue

With sexual happiness a more central purpose of marriage in the post-World War I era, the honeymoon drew the attention not only of various experts, such as doctors who engaged prospective brides and grooms in prewedding education, but advertisers (left) who linked honeymooning and travel to the purchase of consumer goods.

In the 1940s and 1950s, it seemed that everyone was either getting married and having honeymoons, or writing, joking, singing, and making films or television shows about them.

Tourist promoters used to refer to Canada as a "gigantic department store" of travel. If this was so, Niagara was surely the bargain basement: cheap and widely accessible, a little bit tawdry, and a lot of fun.



Joe and Mildred Maubach (above) on their honeymoon, 1946.

Niagara (above, right), released in 1953, was the right film at the right time to cement Niagara Falls' reputation as the Honeymoon Capital of the World. It was a mass-market movie about a mass-market travel destination, released as the postwar travel boom went into full swing. The film may not have won critical laurels but, with Marilyn Monroe as its star, it was popular enough for Niagara Falls authorities to credit it for the town's immediate upsurge in tourist attendance. In 1953, between ten and thirteen million people visited the Falls.



and murder, was dismissed by critics as "clichéd" and "transparent." But everyone agreed that the waterfall was the real star of the show, and in fact the film was little more than a travelogue for Niagara. On that level it worked. The summer *Niagara* was released almost thirteen million people visited the falls, smashing previous records to smithereens.

The film *Niagara* appeared at a historical moment in which huge numbers of people had the means of undertaking a trip to the falls. By the 1950s most North American workers were covered by vacation-with-pay legislation or contracts, and travel joined the TV set and the automobile as a marker of postwar prosperity. A mass-market film about a mass-market holiday, released at the height of the postwar travel boom, starring Marilyn Monroe—the chamber of commerce itself could never, not even in its wildest

fantasies, have imagined better advertising.

As *Niagara*'s advertising campaign suggested (Monroe superimposed seductively on the waterfall, "a raging torrent of emotion that even nature can't control!"), the post-World War II honeymoon had become a dirty joke, a sort of shorthand, indirect way of talking about sex on camera. And the highly sexual, even slightly lewd, honeymoon found a congenial physical home in the expanded, slightly lewd tourist industry at the falls. By the 1950s Niagara boasted almost as many motels as Miami and an astonishing array of attractions and amusements. Residents fretted that the town had become hopelessly honky-tonk, but the place was packed. While honeymooners were by no means the only visitors in this era, they were welcomed with special certificates, roses, and cocktails, not to mention knowing grins from hotel staff. So when a sophisticated Cary Grant declared to a young, petulant Grace Kelly in the 1955 film *To Catch a Thief*, "What you need is ten minutes with a good man at Niagara Falls," Niagara's status as North America's bawdy joke was sealed.

Tourist promoters of the post-World War II era used to refer to Canada as a "gigantic department store" of travel. If this was so, Niagara was surely the bargain basement: cheap and widely accessible, a little bit tawdry, and a lot of fun. The honeymoon trade gave the place a shady but cheerful tinge, an aura it retains to this day.

The history of the Niagara honeymoon presents a great opportunity to see how cultural rituals and symbols reinvent themselves over time. Why are some things short-lived fads or gimmicks—the Hula-Hoop, for example, or bungee jumping—while others become enduring cultural icons? The creation of Niagara as a honeymoon mecca brought together several phenomena, and we have to cast our net widely to understand its longevity. The history of tourism, transportation, and leisure developed alongside changes in gender, sexuality, and family life, and each of these played a role in institutionalizing the Niagara honeymoon.

Today Niagara's hold on "blushing brides" and "bungling grooms" seems a bit passé, but the place has successfully reinvented itself for two centuries. There's no reason to think it won't survive a third. ■

Karen Dubinsky, who teaches history at Queen's University, is the author of *The Second Greatest Disappointment: Honeymooning and Tourism at Niagara Falls*.

In December 1999, a Durham, North Carolina judge ordered Baltimore psychiatrist John Breitner to pay \$42,800 in damages to a Duke University professor for sleeping with the professor's wife. Judge Howard Manning said \$40,000 of the award was to punish Breitner, chairman of the mental hygiene department

on to define as being synonymous with "lowlife" behaviour. Other lurid details of their "practising lust" escaped his comments, but not his reflections, he added.

Professor Gopen sued his wife and her lover for what's known in law as "criminal conversation." Criminal conversation is a supremely misleading legal term. It's not a crime, nor

does it have anything to do with conversation. Criminal conversation is a lawsuit, to quote the classic legal definition, for "defilement of the marriage bed"—in other words, for adultery.

Criminal conversation lawsuits, always popular in some parts of the United States, are fast becoming a legal growth industry state-side. So much so that in some states, when lawyers draw up premarital agreements that govern division of property, support payments, and inheritance in the event of marital breakdown, they now also tuck in what's known as "dangerous liaison" clauses that bar husband and wife from suing if either engages in hanky-panky.

Judge Manning's damages award to the cuckolded professor, and his colourful language, reflect an idea enshrined in American law: that marital infidelity is a stain upon family honour that must be punished.

That's a legal notion Canada once shared, but has largely abandoned.

Until two decades ago a betrayed spouse could sue a cheating mate and his or

her paramour. Even where husband and wife were separated by mutual agreement and no longer living under the same roof when the extramarital sex occurred. Canadian courts sometimes ordered the "offending" spouse and lover to pay damages. Some judges even increased the damages award where the spouse had a live-in boyfriend or girlfriend, because he or she, as one judge put it, had "deprived the couple of whatever chance there might be of reconciliation."

But in the 1970s, feminists and provincial law reform commissions began to push hard for abolition of the right to sue for criminal conversation. Although technically either husband or wife could sue, women rarely did. Virtually all reported twentieth-century Canadian criminal conversation lawsuits were launched by men, reflecting the fact that it was at base a legal action designed to compensate a hus-

The 1913 marriage was never consummated, and so Thomas and Lillian Orford parted. Six years later, she tried to revive the marriage. He spurned her. She sued for alimony. Only proof of her adultery would free him from obligation. And he had proof: She had had a child by another man.

But Lillian was unfazed. She had an explanation for that.



The Case of the Chaste Adulteress

by Doug Johnston

of John Hopkins University's School of Public Health, for committing adultery with Duke University professor George Gopen's wife, Gillian Einstein.

"This is North Carolina," Manning wrote in his decision. "In North Carolina one does not engage in sexual intercourse with another person's spouse knowing that he or she is married."

Manning noted in his decision that all three parties to the lawsuit were graduates of Harvard University and moved in rarefied circles. "These acts of adultery occurred in an academic atmosphere, with trappings of fine wine, romantic lunches, classical records and CDs, cerebral conversations and within an environment self-perceived as highly cultured," he wrote. Despite the trappings, Manning said the adultery was "as common as pig tracks," a term he went

Canada boasts the western world's first and only, and still legally authoritative, court ruling that artificial insemination constitutes adultery.

personal, not legal, agendas. Some spouses, went the argument, used the courts not so much to collect damages as to inflict a public and emotionally messy revenge on an ex.

By the late 1970s, Canadian criminal conversation lawsuits were almost extinct, which added yet more fuel to the argument for abolition. Canadian men, it appeared, agreed with British jurist Lord St. Leonard's declaration that he "would rather touch a scorpion than the money awarded in compensation of honour."

Most Canadians are no longer liable to having a court fix the price to be paid for bedding someone other than a spouse, or for bedding another's husband or wife. By the 1980s all provinces but one had abolished the right to sue for a spouse's infidelity. Only Alberta adulterers need worry that if they make their bed a judge can make them lie in it. While adultery is a Canada-wide ground for divorce, only Albertans can still also sue a spouse and his or her lover for their extra-marital amours.

Americans' adultery-litigation mania notwithstanding, when it comes to illicit sex, Canadians have one up on their neighbours. For adultery, American law requires sexual intercourse. In Canada, you can commit adultery without actually having sex.

Canada boasts the western world's first and only, and still legally authoritative, court ruling* that artificial insemination constitutes adultery. The case, a cause célèbre in its time, featured a plot born of Edwardian-era morality.

It all started in 1910 when pretty twenty-year-old Lillian Partridge of Weston-super-Mare, England moved to Toronto. Three years later she met, and wed, Thomas Orford. Lillian, being a lady of her time, was a virgin bride.

Following the wedding the couple went on a honeymoon cruise to England. It wasn't a honeymoon laced with passion. Lillian found all attempts at intercourse too painful to "do the deed," as one commentator artfully put it. Their bedroom problems continued while in England. Ultimately the marriage was never consummated. After several sexless months, Orford returned home to Toronto. Lillian remained in England, living with her parents.

In December 1919, after not having seen her husband for more than six years, Lillian suddenly returned to Toronto and tried to parachute back into his life and home. Orford wanted none of her, or the marriage. Faced with his rebuke, she sued for alimony.

At that time Canadian law allowed a husband to avoid paying alimony on proof of a wife's adultery. Orford's defence to Lillian's lawsuit

band for loss of proprietary rights in his—to borrow a term often used by judges—"chattel-wife."

Provincial law reform commissions that studied criminal conversation actions also questioned the motive behind such suits. They concluded spouses often used criminal conversation litigation to pursue

was that she had an affair in England with a man named George Hodgkinson, and even bore a child by him. At trial, Lillian admitted giving birth to a son in February 1919 and further admitted she had entered his name in the birth registry as Peter Hodgkinson and declared one George Hodgkinson to be the father. Yet she adamantly denied committing adultery.

Her explanation was that she'd consulted her doctor regarding her inability to make love. Her doctor advised that one way she might be cured was by bearing a child, and that pregnancy might be achieved by artificial insemination. Wanting to still save herself for her husband, she saw this as her only remedy, she testified. She discussed the artificial insemination option with a friend, George Hodgkinson, who was desperate to have a child. Hodgkinson, she said, offered to arrange the insemination and pay all pregnancy and confinement expenses in return for her consenting to his adopting the child. She agreed.

To effect their agreement, she met Hodgkinson and an unnamed physician at Hodgkinson's apartment. Following the doctor's instructions, she undressed and got into Hodgkinson's bed. The doctor then put her under an anaesthetic. When she regained consciousness, she testified, Hodgkinson told her she'd been artificially inseminated. He said his semen had been injected into her body by the physician by means of a syringe.

Several months passed, but she didn't become pregnant. In May 1918 the whole procedure was repeated, she said, again at Hodgkinson's apartment and with the same unknown physician in attendance. Soon after, she discovered she was pregnant.

Her story got points for creativity, if not credibility, from the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Orde of the Ontario High Court. Orde flatly stated in his judgment that he didn't believe her. He concluded Lillian "had become Hodgkinson's mistress" and "she had sexual intercourse in the ordinary way" with him. Nonetheless, he felt compelled to also rule on the issue of whether, assuming Lillian's story to be true, a wife who is artificially inseminated by other than her husband, and without her husband's knowledge and consent, had committed adultery. Focusing not on sex, but reproductive biology, he concluded she had.

"The essence of the offence of adultery consists not in the moral turpitude of the act of sexual intercourse," he wrote, "but in the voluntary surrender to another person of the reproductive powers or faculties of the guilty person; and any submission of those powers to the service or enjoyment of any person other than the husband or the wife comes within the definition of 'adultery.'"

No other jurisdiction has followed Canada down this legal rabbit hole. Courts in Great Britain and the United States have consistently ruled that being artificially inseminated without a spouse's consent isn't adultery. Canada's adultery-without-a-bonk legal stance has met with much academic criticism, and no little amusement.

"Only in Canada," noted a former University of Manitoba faculty of law professor, "can you commit the matrimonial offence without indulging in a night of sin." ■

Doug Johnston is a Winnipeg lawyer and writer.

* (1921), 58 D.L.R. 251 (Ont.S.C.).

Only the Lonely



The Canadian West was still very much a frontier area in the early 1900s. Populated by slightly more than four hundred thousand people in 1901 (excluding British Columbia), it was seen to hold great promise for young, enterprising individuals. The federal government offered 160 acres of free land to any adult male (single and married women were not permitted to become homesteaders) who, after three years, had established a home and cultivated at least fifteen acres. The relatively generous terms, coupled with the continuous expansion of railroads and the promise of unlimited prosperity in the "Last Best West," drew thousands of young people. Between 1896 and 1914, more than six hundred thousand immigrants moved to the West, most of them from Britain, the U.S., and eastern Canada.

The *Western Home Monthly*, published out of Winnipeg, was one of the region's most popular monthly magazines at the time. Eagerly anticipated by the region's earliest settlers, many of whom lived and toiled in almost total isolation, the magazine provided one of the few contacts with the outside world prior to the arrival of regular passenger-train service, automobiles, and radios. While the magazine provided a wealth of useful and entertaining news and information to rural families and young homesteaders, its most popular feature was its Correspondence column, which ran continuously from November 1905 to October 1924. Through this column lonely, isolated readers across the West, and indeed across all of Canada, could become acquainted with one another and exchange views on a variety of subjects.

What made the *Western Home Monthly*

unique was the attention that its correspondents paid to matters of romance. Many of the letters dealt almost exclusively with such things as courtship, matrimony, physical intimacy, and in particular, the qualities men and women sought in potential marriage partners. Indeed, the column served largely as a matrimonial bureau of sorts in its earliest years. As long as the writer sent along a blank stamped envelope, the *Western Home Monthly* would forward letters for those wishing to become acquainted with other writers, as only pen-names and incomplete addresses accompanied published letters. By the spring of 1908, the magazine was exchanging about fifteen hundred letters each month. Three years later it was forced to restrict this service to subscribers only, such was the volume of letters it received.

The letters came from all regions of Canada and occasionally from Canadians living abroad, but most originated in the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba. Independent farmers or ranchers or their sons and daughters wrote many of the letters on the following pages. Most were unmarried and commonly referred to as "bachelors" and "maids." The average age of male correspondents—who often wanted to establish themselves financially before marrying—was twenty-five. For female correspondents—who had been taught to seek a husband who could support them—it was twenty-one. For twenty-first-century readers, the *Western Home Monthly* correspondence provides a rare glimpse into the romantic sensibilities of average Canadians nearly a century ago.

All dressed up, but no place to go? In some communities in the West in the early years of the twentieth century, men vastly outnumbered women. As expressed in their letters, the absence of female company often proved the greatest drawback to the homesteading life.

Work consumed the daylight hours and there was often little time or energy left over to socialize.

Neighbours or towns were far away, automobiles were few, and winter months were long. Young men working in the bush, or in lumber or railroad camps, were even more isolated.

Only the Lonely

Loneliness was not unusual in rural areas. Young bachelor farmers spent most of the daylight hours alone, working their land, with precious little time left over to socialize with members of the opposite sex—what few there were. In some districts of the West, men outnumbered women ten to one. Women were lonely too, because although they were in great demand, the men were usually too busy trying to “prove up”—that is, gain title to their land within the three-year deadline—to pay much attention to matters of romance. What this all added up to was intense loneliness and an almost desperate desire to find a partner, or at least to correspond with a member of the opposite sex.

October 1906
Milestone, Saskatchewan

Editor,

... Some of the girls write and rate us bachelors for drinking and gambling, but you know nothing of the loneliness of this big country at times, so that we are almost forced to do anything to make us forget. I often think that if you could hold out a sisterly hand to a faltering brother it would go a long way towards steadying us, and I know at times most of us want steadying. Now in conclusion I would say I am a lonely bachelor and if some of you ladies would take the trouble to write me a line or so sometimes I am sure I would be grateful.

Milestone

February 1908
Balcarres, Saskatchewan

Editor,

... I am an Eastern girl who has been taken up root and branch and transplanted in the glorious West three years ago. I think Eastern girls, and Western girls, too, should never lose a chance to correspond with those lonely bachelors. Just think of a man living off by himself for months at a time without hearing the sweet voice of a woman. He comes in tired and sad, there is no one to cheer him; he gets his own supper and goes to bed. This is repeated month after month. Hence I say Eastern and Western maids should never fail to send a word of cheer to these young men who are building up a glorious country that shall one day stand first among nations...

Happy Thought



March 1910
Brandon, Manitoba

Sir,

... I don't know how some of them [bachelors] can say they are lonely as there is always something to be done around a farm.... A bachelor as a rule never picks anything up he can step over, throws his paper on the floor, stands at the wood pile ... and throws his wood into the house, shuts the door, sits down and stews and pines. It would be far better for him to fetch in that harness that is going to rack and ruin and repair it or that binder canvas that requires mending ... All these are cures for loneliness, but yet some may go as far as to say life is not worth living without a wife to cheer the home. Shaw!! It is all rot ... “batching” is one of the best things a man can do; it makes him a man, to love and appreciate a wife when he does get one and do things for her...

Not Lonely

In the early 1900s, men and women expected to play fairly traditional roles when it came to the division of household labour. However, men, through their own experience as bachelors, gained some sympathy for the plight of the average housewife.

The Ideal Man

For women, a man's appearance and wealth were less important than his attitudes and behaviour. Before the First World War, the ideal man abstained from alcohol and was content to have his wife do mostly housework rather than heavy farm labour. But as the West became more settled, more secular, and more prosperous, puritanical standards relaxed. The ideal man after the war could be more carefree and fun-loving.

December 1905
Cranbrook, British Columbia

Western Home Monthly,
I have read your correspondence column for the last few months with regard to the many favourable chances afforded women to secure husbands from among the farmers on the Prairies. I have met some of these so-called farmers, many of whom live in huts and are hardly able to keep themselves, let alone keep a woman. They could keep her poor alright. Most of those chaps are seedy, chronic, pokey, old way-backs and about the only time they show a little life is when they get filled up with bad whiskey. Thanks. None of them gents for me.

A Young Widow

August 1907
Baldur, Manitoba

Editor,
... If a farmer is a perfect gentleman or a true husband, he will not allow his wife to do any work outside of the house, nor will he allow her to work from morning till night, as many of them do. She should have a horse and buggy with which to go driving whenever she wished, and be able to spend her evenings driving, visiting, or playing the piano.... Valuable as the time is on a farm, I think that every farmer should take his wife for a drive in the evenings, or take her out hunting and shooting, for I have found out from my experience with the gentler sex that they never objected when asked to accompany me on a hunting or fishing expedition....

Canadian Jack

March 1911
Balcarres

Sir,
... My tastes are varied and contradictory, so in the list, my dear unknown, you will probably find something that agrees with your own, and that would form a bond of sympathy between us. Are you a good sport? Well, so am I. I can ride, drive, skate, play tennis or hockey. I can run your motor-car too, if you have one. If you

haven't, you will get one because we are going to prosper. Are you fond of social life? So am I. I play cards and love to dance. "We'll two-step through life," if you like. I like to go to theatres, too, and I know how to act at an afternoon tea. Perhaps you are fond of reading and of quiet evenings at home. Well, I can imagine nothing more pleasant. You in your big armchair beside the hearth ... and I in my low rocker with my fancy work. You will read to me, or I will read to you, as you rest and smoke too, if you wish to....

Honeybunch

September 1920

Dear Editor and Readers,
... Being a farmer's son, I find enough things during the day to attend to than to think of loneliness I join in all kinds of sport, but like baseball and hockey best. I do not dance much myself, but I have nothing to say against the useful exercise of dancing as it proves to be to those who sit all day at one kind of work.... My brother and I go to dances just for the reason of providing good music for the entertainers. We play the clarinet and cornet to the best of our ability.... I like farming in Manitoba very much.... We have about ten acres of potatoes this year and have been using new potatoes from the 5th of July.... I have a Hudson Super Six-cylinder car and I would like Cupid to help me find a fair chauffeur with or without experience. I am nineteen years old, 5 ft. 10 ins. high and weigh 168 lbs....

Steve

In the early years, a woman's religious affiliation was important to men, most of whom were Protestants seeking Protestant wives. Why the ideal woman was often defined in religious terms where the ideal man was not probably has something to do with the commonly held view that women were the main repositories and defenders of moral virtue, responsible for imparting and spreading Christian values. This modestly attired young Calgary woman, for instance, exemplifies the moral rectitude expected of women in the early 1900s.



GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA-4154-1

The Ideal Woman

For men, the ideal woman had to be so much more than the ideal man had to be for women. In the pre-World War 1 years, a woman needed to be a hard-working, competent housekeeper and helpmate, an amiable, educated, fun-loving companion, a committed Protestant, as well as young, sturdy, and good-looking. But the war and the changing role of women modified the ideal. The desirable woman was now more open and outgoing, and more inclined to engage in pleasurable pursuits such as sports.

April 1906
Lauder, Manitoba

Editor,

... I am a prosperous young farmer with a half section of land fully equipped with horses and machinery and my ideas of a good wife run something as follows. She should be a good cook, willing to feed and look after the poultry, pigs, calves, milk about five cows, keep the house clean, do the washing, ironing, weed the garden and be prepared to get a lunch on the table for an occasional caller. Of course she could play the piano, go to town or mend the clothes in her spare time. Hoping you will be able to send me a photograph of a suitable young lady of dark complexion....

A Home Lover

December 1907
Calgary, Alberta

Editor,

... I find the letters in the correspondence columns interesting, some amusing, especially letters from those that figure as educated, refined damsels dictating their terms if they become the wife of a poor rancher in a new country.... Some of those dainty dames deserve the garret cat and parrot. Education, accomplishments, grace of form and feature are all thistledown in the shake, compared to the girl that can render you some assistance out and in for a few years until you get a little bit into shape.... How much help could a wife give a young chap starting on a farm who objected to do a chore boy's work occasionally?... Dolls in glass cases and the doughbobs hitching their wives to the plough are the two extremes and if any husky maiden fair, fat and forty cares to accept the happy medium, I shall be glad to correspond with her with a view to matrimony.

Robie Ranteltree

*I ... play the organ a wee
bit and sing like a
lark. ... Hate house work,
but can at a pinch cook
a potato and make a cup of
tea or a cigarette
(also smoke them, too).*

July 1909
Manitoba

Editor,

... Now comes the hardest part, as it is a very difficult thing for a homely person to describe herself. Well I am 5 ft. 7 in. tall, dark brown hair, fair complexion when it is clean, but that's not often as it is covered with freckles, moles and whiskey-tackets, blue eyes, turned-up nose, large mouth and prominent teeth. Have exceptionally large hands and feet. Play the organ a wee bit and sing like a lark. I am very fond of riding and driving. Hate house work, but can at a pinch cook a potato and make a cup of tea or a cigarette (also smoke them, too). Now I will not say my age, as it will surely scare you if my description does not....

Tomboy

October 1914
Melville, Saskatchewan

Dear Sirs,

... Now, girls, you don't understand the men, not one of you. I have had enough experience with the opposite sex ... to "know the critters" fairly well.... In the first place, know this, that everything masculine from a bishop to a bartender will bite at yellow hair, no matter whether it's natural or—just peroxidized. Yes, they will all go crazy over that colour, and the sillier and shallower the owner, the better they will like her.... Men form their judgements of girls from the street-walking type.... You may stick at home all day and all year, darning socks, cooking, washing, etc., and your dressed-up sisters who parade the streets ogling the men will carry off the "prizes" every time. So, girls, don't take that old-fashioned fib about good cooks too much to heart. Men say they have no use for the girl who follows the fashions too devotedly. Another fib. A man is as proud as a peacock to be seen in the stylish girl's company, and if by any chance he has to escort a plainly dressed or a somewhat "shabby" girl he will take all the back streets and hike along the shadows of the buildings for fear he may be seen with her.... And, oh! how the men hate brains in a woman. It is a positive brand on a woman to "know" things of any account—things other than silly chit-chat and petty gossip....

Freda



MEDICINE HAT MUSEUM & ART GALLERY / MMR 24.3

Most correspondents strongly favoured the courtship process, whether through letter-writing or in person. Length of courtship was rarely specified, but it was clear that anything less than a year would have been considered too short. However, attitudes toward courtship liberalized as the century progressed. By the time this group (below) from Rockyford, Alberta set out in a sleigh together, the idea that it was possible to have fun with members of the opposite sex without a view to marriage had taken root. Courtship, with its rules, rituals, and limited range of permissible activities, began to evolve toward the convention later called dating.



GLENOW ARCHIVES / NA-3534-3

Courtship

Courtship by correspondence was unconventional, but necessary given the isolated circumstances of the letter-writers. And since shyness seemed a common affliction among the bachelors and maids of the day, it also relieved anxiety, particularly among the men, who were expected to initiate romance. Women feared appearing unladylike if they made advances, but as the century progressed what was deemed "flirting" by young women became more acceptable.

July 1906
Cumberland House

Editor,

... Your correspondence column seems to be supplying a long felt want of the younger generation in outlying remote districts. How many more or less forced marriages are brought through isolation of young men and women whereas if they had had the opportunity of a wider choice, a greater resulting degree of happiness would have been the consequence. Now, however, with the opportunities which your magazine is offering through its columns, young people may, though quite a distance apart, enter into a friendly correspondence with the ultimate view of finding a mate suitable in temperament, etc....

Far North

September 1907
Ebor, Manitoba

Editor,

... A good many girls have a touch of this flirting disease and think they are smart, and many men the same. When they have cheated and deceived some poor wretch who has tried to do a square deal, they only giggle ... I myself am English, and am very proud of the fact, but I am sorry to have to admit that I have seen more flirting and deceit among English girls than among either Canadians or Americans; 50% of them will go anywhere and everywhere with every gawk that asks them, even when they are supposed to be engaged...

A Happy Clodhopper [male]

July 1913
Ontario

Dear Editor,

... I am a young girl, twenty years of age. I have a good mother, but I believe she is far too strict.... I am never allowed to accept any invitations from any gentleman friend, no matter how good their character may be. I am never allowed to accept any invitations to a dance or to the theatre, if I do I must deceive my mother by telling her evil untruths—which I very much dislike to do.... A young girl who is kept down tight,

as the saying goes, will be like a bird locked in a cage and when released will fly on and on, happy in its freedom, until it comes to the end of its happiness.... Now, I do not blame all parents for their children's downfall, but I blame them for the start in many cases.... Surely amusements cannot have brought all the fallen ones to their fate? Surely going to a theatre, or occasionally a dance cannot be the cause of many girls and men leading immoral lives! Our parents were all young once, but seem to forget it....

A Young Sufferer

May 1916

Dear Editor,

... I am very bashful and that is the reason I come to you for advice. Here is my trouble in a nut shell. I am very much in love with a young lady with whom I've kept company for the past eleven years. During all those years I've tried time and again to muster sufficient courage to ask her to be my wife. Once I almost succeeded.... Now all the bashful readers of this page will surely sympathize with me. What I want to know is "What am I going to do?" Won't some of you experienced fellows help me out? I do not wish to remain single to the end of my days and from what I've heard M— say, I'm sure she doesn't either.... Now, dear ladies, I am sorry I cannot ask any of you to write to me because you see M— might get wind of it and my eleven years serving would be wasted....

Morganrodnaden

February 1920

Dear Editor,

... This is leap year. Why not have it that if the girls do the proposing that they also do the treating and take a nice box of cigars when they go to pay a visit? But, perhaps, there would not be so many theatres and joy rides then....

A Canadian Girl

Largely missing from the *Western Home Monthly's* correspondence column was discussion of physical intimacy. Before the 1920s, public discussion of sexual matters was thought improper, if not immoral, because such talk was believed to inflame passions and lead to sexual excess. Women, particularly, were to be shielded from this, lest their all-important purity be tarnished. A romp in the hay with one's date, such as this (above), would not have been condoned.





A husband and wife (left) outside their log home in Vermilion, Alberta, circa 1907. The ideal woman of the day had to be willing to work hard if she planned to marry a western farmer. Many male correspondents did little to conceal their contempt for lazy young women whose interests lay in recreation and material consumption.

Marriage

Marriage was for life in the early years of the twentieth century (divorce was expensive and difficult to obtain, as well as shameful) and readers of the *Western Home Monthly* took it very seriously. They believed it must be rooted in love, in part because love would help them survive the challenges of trying circumstances. Most favoured a fairly traditional division of labour, with women working in the home and men outside the home, but many men, having kept house as bachelors, were sympathetic to the plight of housewives.

April 1910
Lethbridge, Alberta

*Will you not treat your
wife better than any
hired help?
And I am sure she will be
happy. I am certain you
will be and home will be
a real home....*

Sir,
I have been reading the *Western Home Monthly* with great interest ... and now ask your help in finding me a wife.... Of course, I would expect my wife to take care of the chickens, feed the hogs and milk the cows. Let me say here that chicken money ought to keep us in groceries and coal and also what spending money I might need. I would handle the purse. What does a woman need of money? Her place is in the kitchen. I can buy the one or two kitchen dresses she will need during the year. That is enough for any woman. If she does well with the chickens I might get her a good dress providing she can make it herself. When I come from town at night she must meet me with a smile and a steaming hot supper. I will expect all the chores done, of course. Now, if any young lady of this description cares to write to me, my address will be with the Editor.

Archibald

June 1910
Morris, Manitoba

Sir,
I have been a constant reader of the *Western Home Monthly* for a year or so and find the letters in the correspondence very interesting, especially the letter signed "Archibald" in the April number.... You just bet I can cook, and would always have hot meals ready for him, providing I had plenty of red pepper and fuel, but of course the chicken money would keep us in those necessities. I'm just a whirlwind at raising chickens, and being of Irish descent I just love pigs. Of course he would handle the purse. Why not? A woman would only lose the money anyway. A husband of such unbounded generosity as to provide two kitchen dresses and a possible good one all in one year must be a catch. He surely won't want for a wife long. But I would not be as extravagant as that. I'm sure I could do with one by patching it occasionally and dyeing it when the colours wore out, providing he would lend me a pair of overalls to wear when milking the cows and feeding the pigs. As for the smile when he comes home from town, why that's easy. I just naturally smile all the time, and of course the chores would always be done. What poor tired

man with his nice clothes on would want to go out and do chores after being to town? Hoping my list of accomplishments will meet with Archibald's approval, I look hopefully into the future.

Batty O'Toole

July 1911

Plateau, Saskatchewan

Sir,

... I am a married woman and have as good [a] husband as the average man makes.... Now, just a word to married men, especially. Treat your wife to a little "taffy stick" [love talk] once in a while. She may be snappy, if she hasn't been used to "taffy," but she doesn't mean to be. She is only so surprised and taken unawares that, womanlike, she must say something, and like as not, the second nice speech to her will find her ten or twenty years back to your old honeymoon days; and Mr. Man don't forget that your wife married you, as a love, and be a lover still, or you are obtaining a helpmate under false pretences. Then, see that she has clothes to look nice in... (your housekeeper would have them, if you had to hire one, and it's your money that would pay for them). Will you not treat your wife better than any hired help? And I am sure she will be happy. I am certain you will be and home will be a real home, not one in name only.

Winunla

May 1913
Saskatchewan

Dear Editor,

... It is true that there are many marriages, and married men and women of today, who marry for nothing but the business part of it. The man looks at it from his standpoint of view. He is tired of hatching and living alone, and looks for a wife, and often the one he marries is one who is willing to take the first chance that comes along, and sell her life to the man merely for a home. It would be far better for a woman like this to go through life single than to live a life full of drudgery, and not enjoying herself in any way. But then there is the other side of marriage to look at, where people marry who love each other, and are both willing to sacrifice anything for each other's sake. They will live a happy life, and those are the people who go to prove that marriage is in the greater part a success....

A Western Guy

December 1919

Dear Editor and Readers,

... Very often we hear it asked why so many married women, with comfortable homes, and husbands who are able to provide for them, go out to work, or try to earn money of their very own at home.... If the husband, according to his salary, wages or income from whatever source, would every week allow the wife a little change for her personal use, she would be all the happier—and so

would he. I am not alluding to the extravagant woman who always drags a man down, but to the economical, hardworking, patient, loving, faithful one, who makes home a paradise for the man who appreciates her—and who is in the large majority. If he would get a little bank or box, and drop in what he could afford or as much as his generosity permitted him to... and say, "There, dear, is a little pin-money for you; do what you like with it," why, in no time she would have quite an accumulation. And think how much happier she would be, knowing she had it there to use for any trifle she might wish for; all women love pretty things, you know.... Bless the dear, true little wife; she deserves a generous allowance, for she rightfully earns it.... Just think this over, husbands. Some women... go out to work to help meet the family expenses, ... but, as a rule, I think it is the desire for independence that takes married women from the homes, and a proper "sharing" of the income would do away with this.

Fair Play [female] 

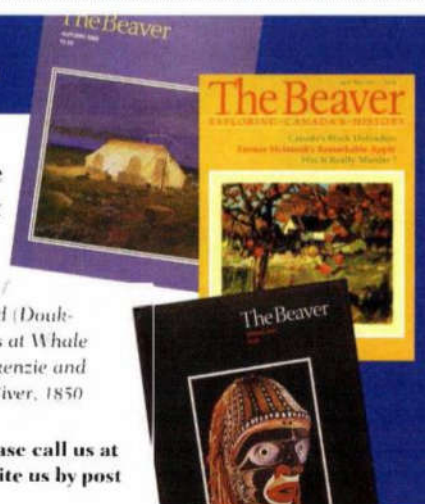
Dan Azoulay is a professor of history in the Atkinson Faculty of Liberal and Professional Studies at York University, Toronto. He lives in Newmarket, Ontario.

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The story – likely apocryphal – is that one of Queen Victoria's daughters, dreading her wedding night and fearing that her husband might be beastly, asked her mother what she ought to do. Her Majesty told her daughter that she must simply do her duty. She advised: "Close your eyes and think of England."

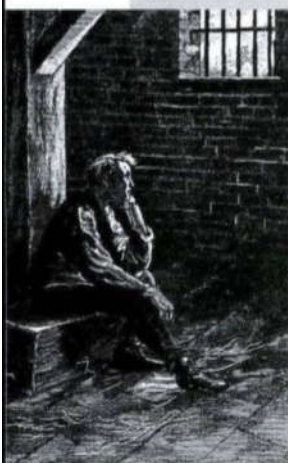
If only she had had B.G. Jefferis and J.L. Nichols's

Search Lights on Health: Light on Dark Corners!

Though it may seem the sex manual found its beginning in Alex Comfort's 1974 bestseller *The Joy of Sex*, sex guides have had a long, although often covert, publishing history. In the nineteenth century, however, with rising literacy and scientific inquiry, and growing freedom of the press, sex manuals were produced with greater frequency. They were not, however, explicit primers to physical lovemaking à la Comfort. Even the most progressive manuals of the Victorian period went little further than establishing the nature and virtue of love, advocating sexual expression only within the bounds of marriage, and occasionally dipping into the fraught sub-

ject of contraception. A few manuals challenged some of the prevailing constraints of the Victorian period, notably by expressing the right of women to full sexual expression, but most reflected the view that outside of marriage, sexual intercourse was improper and its exclusive purpose procreation, and that the well-being of society required males to practise considerable self-restraint in matters sexual. One such manual popular in Canada in the late nineteenth century was *Search Lights on Health, Light on Dark Corners*, by B.G. Jefferis and J.L. Nichols, published in Toronto, excerpts of which follow. Whether any light is shed is a matter of perspective.

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SEARCH LIGHTS ON HEALTH, LIGHT ON DARK CORNERS BY B.G. JEFFERIS AND J.L. NICHOLS, 1898



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AN BARNEST CALLER.



HOW MANY YOUNG GIRLS ARE RUIN
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On self-control: Many of our young men lack moral principle. They cannot look upon a beautiful girl with a pure heart and pure thoughts. They have not practiced that self-control which develops true manhood, and brings into subordination evil thoughts, evil pas-

sions, and evil practices. ...

A young man who allows his mind to swell upon the vision of nude women will soon become a victim of ruinous passion, and either fall under the influence of lewd women or resort to self-abuse. The man who has no

control over this mind and allows impure thought to be associated with the name of every female that may be suggested to his mind, is but committing adultery in his heart. ...

Restraint is the noblest freedom. No man can affirm that self-denial ever

injured him; on the contrary, self-restraint has been liberty, strength and blessing.

On youthful sexual excitement: There are many children born healthy and vigorous who destroy the full vigor of their generative organs in youth by self-abuse, and if they survive and marry, their children will have small bones, small frames and sickly constitutions.

The male organ was made for a high and holy purpose, and woe be to him who pollutes his manhood by practicing the secret vice. ...

There can be little doubt that vast numbers of boys are guilty of this practice. In many cases, the degrading habit has been taught by others, e.g., by elder boys at school, where association largely results in mutual corruption.

On the female torso: Men love full breasts, because it promotes maternity. If, however, the breasts are abnormally large, it indicates maternal deficiency the same as any disproportion or extreme.

On the male cranium: Do not marry a man with a low, flat head; for however fascinating, genteel, polite, tender, plausible or winning he may be, you will repent the day of your espousal.

On feet: Small feet and small ankles are very attractive, because they are in harmony with a perfect female form, and men admire perfection. Small feet and ankles indicate modesty and reserve, while large feet and ankles indicate coarseness, physical power, authority, predominance.

On flirting: Those who show too great familiarity with the other sex, who entertain lascivious thoughts, continually exciting the sexual desires, always suffer a weakening of power and sometimes the actual diseases of degeneration, chronic inflammation of the gland, spermatorrhoea, impotence and the like. Young man, beware, your punishment for trifling with the affections of others may cost you a life of affliction.

On sensuality: This is the age of sensuality; unnatural passions are cultivated

and indulged. Young people in the course of their engagement often sow the seed of serious excesses. This habit of embracing, sitting in the lover's lap, leaning on his breast, long and uninterrupted periods of secluded companionship, have become so common that it is amazing how a young lady can safely arrive at the wedding day. ...

Lust crucifies love. The young sensual husband is generally at fault. Passion sways and the duty to bride and wife is not thought of, and so a modest young wife is often actually forced and assaulted by the unsympathetic haste of her husband. ...

Sensuality will drive away the roses in the cheeks of womanhood, undermine health and produce a brazen countenance that can be read by all men. The harlot may commit her sins in the dark, but her countenance reveals her character and her immorality is an open secret.

On the ideal man: Women naturally love men of strength, size and fine physique. ... A woman always pities a weakly man, but rarely ever had any love for him. ... All men would be of good size in frame and flesh, were it not for the infirmities visited upon them by the indiscretion of parents and ancestors of generations before.

On the ideal woman: Men love beautiful women, for women's beauty is the highest type of all beauty. A handsome woman needs no diamonds, no silks or satins; her brilliant face outshines diamonds and her form is beautiful in calico.

On the wedding night: A young couple rushing together in their animal passion soon produce a nervous and irritating condition which ere long brings apathy, indifference, if not dislike. True love and a high regard for each other will temper passion into moderation.

On lovemaking: The best writers lay down the rule for the government of the marriage-bed, that sexual indulgences should only occur about once a week or ten days ... it is a hygienic and physiological fact that those who indulge only once a month receive a far greater degree of intensity of enjoyment than those who indulge

their passions more frequently. ...

Rampant lust and sexual abuses soon destroy the natural pleasures of intercourse and unhappiness will be the result. Remember that *intercourse* should not become the polluted purpose of marriage. ...

Intercourse should be absolutely avoided just before or after meals, or just after mental excitement or physical exercise. No wife should indulge her husband when he is under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, for idiocy and other serious maladies are liable to be visited upon the offspring.

On being a good wife: Reverence your husband. He sustains by God's order a position of dignity as head of a family, head of the woman. Any breaking down of this order indicates a mistake in the union, or a digression from duty. ...

Now, if a woman cannot broil a beefsteak, nor boil the coffee when it is necessary, if she cannot mend the linen, nor patch a coat, if she cannot make a bed, order the dinner, create a lamp-shade, ventilate the house, nor do anything practical in the way of making home actually a home, how can she be expected to make ever a good wife, not to speak of a better or best wife?

On being a good husband: Express your will, not by commands, but by suggestions. ... You are clothed with authority. But this does not authorize you to be stern and harsh. ... Your authority is the dignity of love. ... A simple suggestion that may embody a wish, an opinion or an argument, becomes one who reigns over such a kingdom as yours. ...

Recall and repeat the little attentions and delicate compliments that once made you so agreeable, and that fanned her love into a consuming flame.

On female sexuality: The average woman has so little sexual desire that if licentiousness depended upon her, uninfluenced by her desire to please man and secure his support, there would be very little sexual excess.

On male sexuality: Every healthful man has sexual desires, and he might as well refuse to satisfy his hunger as to deny their existence. ■

Reviews

Featured Books

■ **Ice Blink: The Tragic Fate of Sir John Franklin's Lost Polar Expedition**

By Scott Cookman
John Wiley and Sons, Toronto, 2000
244 pp., \$34.95 hardcover

■ **To Go Upon Discovery: James Cook and Canada, from 1758–1779**

By Victor Suthren
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2000
224 pp., \$35.99 hardcover

■ **La Nouvelle France: The Making of French Canada – A Cultural History**

By Peter Moogk
Michigan State University Press,
East Lansing, 2000
Canadian Distributor:
UBC Press, Vancouver, BC
340 pp. illus., \$38.95 paper

■ **Alfred Valdmanis and the Politics of Survival**

By Gerhard P. Bassler
University of Toronto Press,
Toronto, 2000
472 pp. illus., \$50.00 hardcover

■ **Unauthorized Entry: The Truth About Nazi War Criminals in Canada, 1946–1956**

By Howard Margolian
University of Toronto Press,
Toronto, 2000
352 pp., \$39.95 hardcover

Failure and Triumph

Ice Blink and *To Go Upon Discovery*, which examine two North American explorations that ended in dramatically opposite results, have a common thread. They both describe the traditional devotion to duty and impressive accomplishments of the Royal Navy when operating under challenging conditions.

Sir John Franklin and 128 hand-picked men, some of whom had already served on either Arctic or Antarctic voyages, perished attempting to find the elusive Northwest Passage to the Pacific Ocean between 1845 and 1848. The expedition, fitted out with state-of-the-art ships and equipment, was expected to succeed and finally discover the fabled passage. Its disappearance was a great scientific humiliation for Victorian England and a tragic example of nineteenth-century hubris.

Captain James Cook's navigation and charting of the waters from Quebec City to Newfoundland were a resounding success, setting the stage for his later exploration of the South Pacific. The eighteenth-century globe-trotter even attempted to find the Northwest Passage from the Pacific Ocean.

In *Ice Blink*, the name given by sailors to the polar mirages created by light reflected off pack ice, Cookman lays much of the blame for Franklin's failure on Stephan Goldner, who won the Admiralty contract to provision Franklin's two ships. A veteran of three other Arctic expeditions, and already knighted for success on his 1825-to-1827 polar trek, Franklin set sail from England on May 19, 1845. After two winters locked in pack ice, with food and fuel running low, and death having already claimed Franklin and twenty-three other crewmen, the

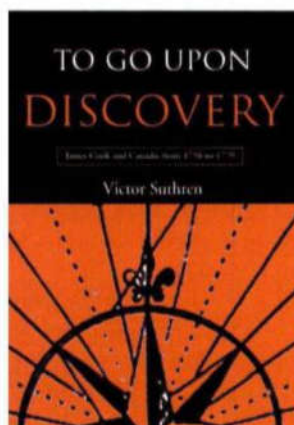
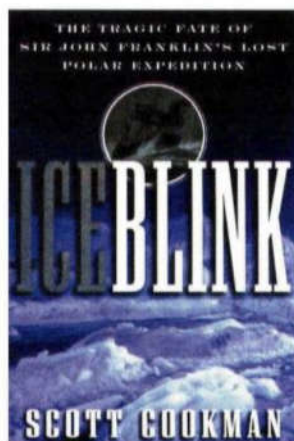
105 survivors set out on a suicidal 1,500-kilometre march southward to civilization, laden down with sleds, boats, and heavy provisions. They never made it. Cookman claims, as have others, that as food dwindled, and numbers succumbed to the unforgiving North, the men resorted to cannibalism to stay alive.

The book's strength is its cogent examination of Goldner's questionable business practices in securing Admiralty victualling contracts. Cookman suggests that botulism toxins, resulting from improperly prepared and canned food, ultimately destroyed Franklin and his men. By hiring unskilled labourers and by permitting poor hygiene and abysmal working conditions at his sweatshop factory, Goldner must share responsibility for the expedition's fate.

Cookman, an Atlanta, Georgia writer, bases much of his case against Goldner on speculation. He even glosses over the work of Canadian academic Dr. Owen Beattie in his haste to condemn Goldner. Beattie exhumed the bodies of three Franklin crewmen in the 1980s and determined that the probable cause of death was lead poisoning from poorly soldered cans.

To Go Upon Discovery chronicles Cook's activities in Canada between 1758 and 1767. He was at the 1758 siege of Cape Breton Island's Louisbourg fortress and later provided support for Wolfe's assault on Quebec in 1759. It was during this time that Cook developed his impressive surveying skills. His meticulous mapping of the St. Lawrence, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, along with his superlative navigational skills, led the Royal Navy to select him to explore and chart the South Pacific.

Suthren's book fills an important gap in the career of Cook and Canadian history, since Cook is far better



known for his exploration of the South Pacific than for the years he spent in Canada. Given the lack of records on Cook (after his death in Hawaii, his wife Elizabeth destroyed all personal letters), much of what Suthren writes is based on secondary sources, published primary sources, and conjecture.

A sailing-ship enthusiast and former director-general of the Canadian War Museum, the author often gets bogged down describing events totally unrelated to Cook, such as the elaboration of the French and Indian War in North America from 1754 to 1763. A quarter of *To Go Upon Discovery* describes Cook's exploration of the South Pacific, which seems odd given the book's primary purpose is to consider his Canadian service. Unfortunately, an editor with a heavy pen is also needed as there are numerous run-on sentences, while only a modest smattering of sketches and hard-to-read maps is featured.

Having said that, both *Ice Blink* and *To Go Upon Discovery* are highly readable accounts of two key explorers whose thirst for adventure has greatly enhanced our own knowledge of Canada. They examine the Franklin failure and Cook triumph with passion and flair, opening the door to a greater understanding of Canada's early history.

Reviewed by Ottawa lawyer **Gavin Murphy**, a history graduate from Carleton University with a keen interest in nautical matters.

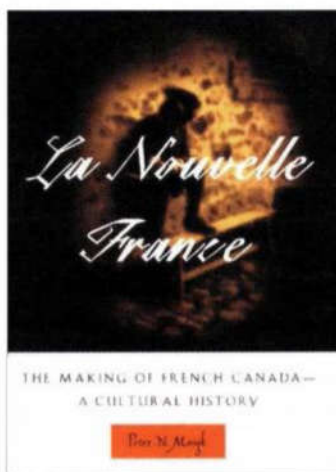
France's Ungainly Child

Peter Moogk is well qualified to write a cultural history of New France. Professor of history at the University of British Columbia, Moogk is the author not only of an innovative social history of house construction in New France but also of highly regarded articles on such topics as French emigration, childhood in New France, and the intriguingly entitled "'Thieving Buggers' and 'Stupid Sluts': Insults and Popular Culture in New France" (*William and Mary Quarterly*, 3rd ser., 36, 1979, 524-47). In *La Nouvelle France: The Making of French Canada—A Cultural History*, he delivers a lively and well-written

book that will be of interest to specialists and general readers alike.

Defining New France widely, to include all French colonial settlements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from Newfoundland to the Illinois country, Moogk promises to concentrate on "the roots of the *Acadien* and *Canadien* cultures." The term Canada is primarily used, correctly, in the contemporary sense denoting the colony located in the St. Lawrence valley. Following a deft geographical survey of New France, the book consists of thematic chapters on French-native relations, governance, recruitment of colonists, the experience of immigration, the emergence of distinctive *Acadian* and *Canadian* peoples, social gradations, the family, and the role of magic and religion. The concluding chapter explores the legacy bequeathed by colonial New France to modern-day Quebec and Canada. Moogk, who believes that the chief responsibility of the historian is "to explain, in clear prose, how the present came into being," contends that "twentieth-century French Canadians were the heirs of New France and, in some respects, the apples had not fallen far from the tree." Even though, he argues, a form of ethnic nationalism has replaced the preeminence of Catholicism in Quebec, certain key continuities coexist with cultural and social change. They include authoritarianism tempered by humane values, family solidarity, and an idealism based on deductive reasoning derived in turn from the legal heritage of New France.

The strengths of this book are many. It is never dull or dry. Each chapter offers a well-crafted combination of vignette and analytical interpretation. Hoary old myths, such as the idea of New France as "a foredoomed empire ripe for conquest," are dismissed with the briskness they deserve. Themes are summarized with an effective turn of phrase. "New France," Moogk comments, "was



France's largest overseas colony. Like a huge, ungainly child, the colony was difficult to love." As this quotation illustrates, the book is also provocative. Not all will agree that a fondness for deductive reasoning led consistently to the building of forts that were easily surprised. Nor will all be convinced by Moogk's emphasis on social and cultural

conservatism in New France and in its legacy, or by his insistence that popular culture and morality originated independently of material circumstances. No matter. This is a thinking reader's book, and its judgments are always stimulating. As a further strength, *La Nouvelle France* is characterized by its effective use of a wide variety of sources. Many are primary sources, ranging from notarial records

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Figure

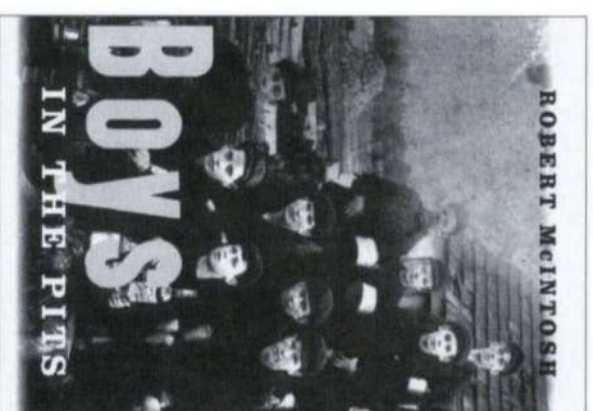


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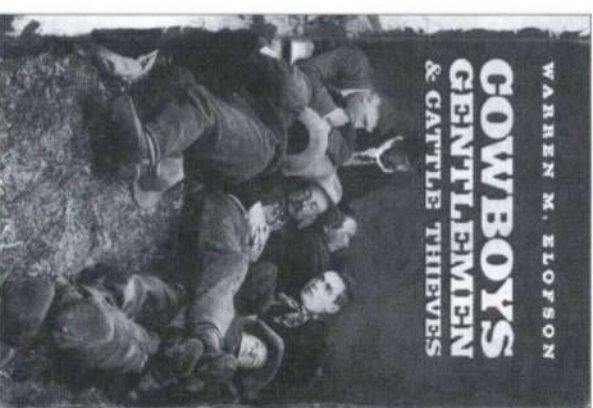


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OUTLAWS roamed the Canadian West too and in *Cowboys, Gentlemen, and Cattle Thieves* the stories of prostitution, gunfights, and cattle rustling have finally found their place in the history of the Western frontier.

"Provocative and stimulating ... adds an important element to our understanding of the ranching era." *A.A. den Otter, Department of History, Memorial University*

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to travel literature, with the works of other historians also consulted and synthesized where needed.

Weaknesses? Despite its claim to embrace both *Acadiens* and *Canadiens*, this book is really about the St. Lawrence colony of Canada. Although Louisbourg receives some coverage, most references to Acadia and the Acadians are incidental ones. Only in one passage of less than three pages does Acadia receive a section of its own. Even there, the claim that "their [the Acadians'] world is largely beyond reconstitution" might just have been defensible a generation ago—but hardly now, in view of the work of Naomi Griffiths, Jean Daigle, Maurice Basque, and others. More attention might also have been given to the role of Quebec historians as interpreters of the legacy of New France. Even the casual visitor to Quebec City can quickly gather from the imposing statue on Grande Allée of François-Xavier Garneau, described on the plinth simply as "Historien," that in Quebec the influence of historical interpretation has long been felt in the public as well as the academic domain. Moogk's contention that current political debates are conditioned by the intellectual heritage of New France may well be valid, but the mediating role of modern intellectuals could also have been profitably explored.

All of that said, this remains a successful book. It deserves a wide readership.

Reviewed by **John Reid**, a member of the department of history at Saint Mary's University, Halifax.

Joey's Protégé

Most adult Newfoundlanders have heard of Alfred Valdmanis. For many, his name is vaguely connected with the failed industrialization schemes of former premier Joey Smallwood. Others recall him as being a shadowy, elusive character who was jailed for defrauding the Newfoundland government. Few, however, have much understanding of the nature of the man, nor of how he came to be in Newfoundland or gained control over the province's

economic development at a crucial time in the new province's history.

While several articles have been written about Valdmanis, and his name crops up in every book about recent Newfoundland history, this is the first full-length English-language biography of the enigmatic and controversial figure.

Alfred Valdmanis and the Politics of Survival is the fascinating story of Valdmanis's meteoric rise in prewar Latvia, his survival through Soviet and German occupations, his 1948 immigration to Canada, his joining Smallwood in 1950, through to his death in a 1970 car accident in Alberta just as he was beginning to clear his name from the shame and scandal of his Newfoundland past.

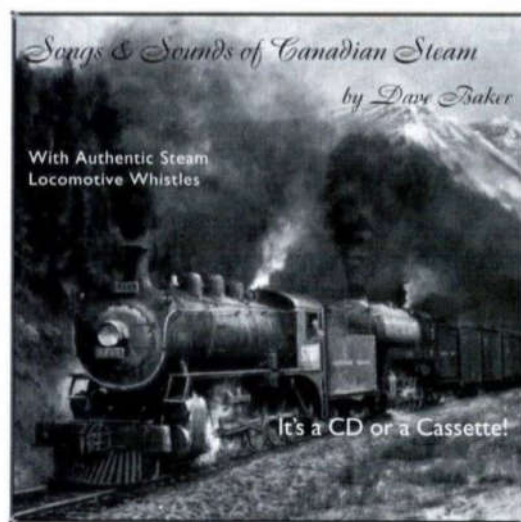
The first half of the book focuses on Valdmanis's early life and career in Latvia. Born in 1908, Valdmanis was considered gifted and ambitious. His early schooling and university education confirmed that assessment, as did his rapid rise through the legal and financial sectors of the Latvian civil service. His appointment as minister of finance at the age of twenty-nine allowed him to apply his considerable abilities to Latvia's economic development. Ironically, considering his subsequent misfortunes in Newfoundland, one of his goals was to rid the Latvian civil service of corruption and lethargy.

The outbreak of the Second World War and the Soviet invasion of Latvia abruptly ended Valdmanis's career plans. How he managed to escape the fate that befell most of his cabinet colleagues during the Soviet occupation is a mystery ably explored by Bassler, as is his subsequent acceptance by the German authorities. While Valdmanis's collaboration with the Germans has led to allusions about his "Nazi past," Bassler examines the view that Valdmanis's collaboration was designed to promote Latvian interests with the aim of achieving a free and independent Latvia after the war.

By some accounts, however, Valdmanis was more interested in promoting his own interests and survival. Examining these contradictory accounts in a thoughtful and balanced analysis, Bassler provides alternative interpretations of events from a variety of original sources. He also notes that certain information about Valdmanis cannot be independently verified and he frequently introduces contradictory accounts or explanations about Valdmanis's life with cautions such as "the truth, however, was not that clear cut."

Indeed, the controversy surrounding Valdmanis's motives and actions continued through the messy postwar fights between two contending groups of Latvian exiles and Valdmanis's work with European refugees, right up to a

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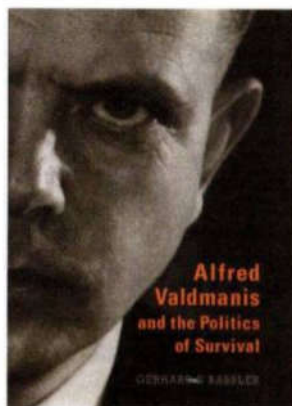
highly unlikely and distorted version of his wartime activities and miraculous escape from Soviet and German authorities that he gave to the Canadian Senate in 1949.

It was shortly after the Senate speech that Joey Smallwood recruited Valdmanis as director general of economic development for the new province of Newfoundland. Desperate to kick-start economic development and industrialization in the province, Smallwood was enamoured with the supremely confident, articulate, and seemingly well-connected Valdmanis. Little did Smallwood know that his new protégé would not only fail to bring about the industrial revolution of which he dreamed, but would soon embarrass him personally and politically.

Bassler provides an exhaustive, but highly readable, account of Valdmanis's tenure in Newfoundland. By the time the first new government-funded industries, a cement mill and gypsum plant, were underway, Valdmanis was pursuing a variety of other new industries ranging from a flour mill to a fur tannery, all based on German expertise

and technology. As hope of selling each new industry evaporated, the entire \$45 million surplus Newfoundland brought with it into Confederation was spent. Most of these new industries eventually failed, some before they even began production. Partially, the problems stemmed from German foreign exchange and export controls that restricted the money and machinery German firms could send to Newfoundland. Perhaps more seriously, Bassler notes that Smallwood's undue haste to industrialize meant "Valdmanis had to relax screening procedures, disregard negative evidence, and increase government assistance."

By early 1953, Valdmanis resigned as director general of economic development and took over the chairmanship of the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation (NALCO), a Crown corporation established in 1951 as a means to



raise capital for industrial development in the province. Eight months later, Smallwood fired him. Bassler traces Valdmanis's subsequent downward spiral from his arrest in April 1954 on charges of extortion to his still-controversial guilty plea in September and consequent jail term of just over two years. The story of Valdmanis's failed attempts

to rehabilitate himself and rebuild his career provides a sad epilogue to the life of a brilliant yet flawed individual.

Throughout *Alfred Valdmanis and the Politics of Survival*, Bassler does a masterful job of keeping the focus on Valdmanis, while taking the reader through the broad landscape of the Second World War, postwar refugee and immigration issues, and the early stages of the Smallwood administration in Newfoundland. It is a painstakingly researched and thoroughly documented work that will be of inter-

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est not only to students of Newfoundland politics, but also to those who seek an understanding of the complex world of Latvian nationalism and history in the mid-twentieth century.

Reviewed by **Peter G. Boswell**, professor of political science at Memorial University, St. John's.

War Criminals Revisited

Canadians have in recent years identified closely with the issue of war criminals, their detection, and their being brought to justice. One of the country's most eminent jurists, Supreme Court Justice Louise Arbour, played a crucial role in the proceedings of the International Tribunal on War Crimes at the Hague, which investigated atrocities associated with ethnic conflict in Rwanda and the former Yugoslavia. At home, parliament has recently passed "An Act Respecting Genocide, Crimes Against Humanity and War Crimes," while the Department of Justice War Crimes Section continues the much delayed task of denaturalizing those Canadians who were linked to the Nazi killing machine. This latter task has remained controversial since the 1986 Deschenes Royal Commission, which investigated allegations that Canada had provided a haven for war criminals, a debate that seriously strained relations between the Canadian Jewish Congress and various ethnic organizations, notably the Ukrainian Canadian Committee.

The appearance of *Unauthorized Entry: The Truth About Nazi War Criminals in Canada* is certain to rekindle some of these emotions. A prominent historian associated with the Canadian Jewish Congress denounced the book in the *Globe and Mail* as an attempt "to whitewash Canada's record on admitting Nazi war criminals," while other critics have objected to some of the author's blanket accusations. There has also been skepticism towards the subtitle's claim

that this book had discovered "the truth" about Canada's immigration record—a presumption that was aggravated by the publisher's marketing blurb "New Book Challenges Accusation that Canada Welcomed Nazi War Criminals and Collaborators."

These silly pronouncements are unfortunate, for in many ways *Unauthorized Entry* is quite a good book, thoroughly researched and well written. Drawing on his many years as a historical researcher for the War Crimes Section of the Department of Justice, Margolian utilizes a wide range of documentation to demonstrate how the Canadian bureaucrats who were responsible for immigration screening met the challenge of processing over 1.5 million displaced persons and immigrants in the decade after the Second World War. While the system was imperfect,

and approximately two thousand war criminals and collaborators did gain entry, Margolian concludes that "Canada's record at screening immigrants ... rebounds overwhelmingly to the country's credit." He attributes this success to the measured wisdom of the special Security Panel (responsible to Cabinet), the vigilance of immigration officials, and above all to the professionalism of RCMP overseas security officers, who refused to compromise their screening standards, despite pressure from various ethnic organizations and business groups to increase the immigration flow.

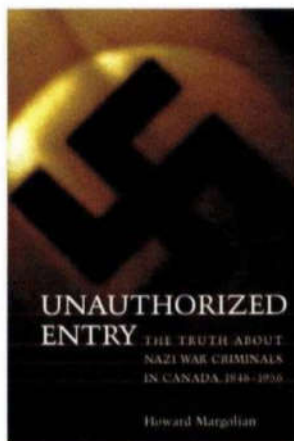
But how revisionist is *Unauthorized Entry*? What reputable authors have claimed that Canada either welcomed Nazi war criminals and collaborators, or made little effort to prevent their entry? In selecting his straw men Margolian ignores a number of softer candidates, notably the accusatory 1983 tome *War Criminal on Trial: The Rauca Case* by Sol Litman, and its 1995 counterpart, *War Criminals in Canada* by James McKenzie. Instead, he takes aim at political scientist Reg Whitaker's 1987 book *Double Standard: The Secret History of Canadian Immigration*, which claimed

that Canada's postwar screening process "was, in fact, a bird with one wing; an anti-Communist wing." Margolian disagrees, claiming that until 1950 Canadian security screening was "pre-occupied with the threat of Nazi infiltration," and that approximately fifteen thousand immigrants were excluded "because of their prior Nazi affiliation." His major goal, however, is to systematically refute Alti Rodal's unpublished study for the Deschenes Commission, "Nazi War Criminals in Canada: The Historical and Policy Setting From the 1940s to the Present," which dismissed Canadian exclusionist policies as inept because of inadequate security resources, insufficient political resolve, and its Cold War obsession with Communists.

While Margolian's rebuttal is generally convincing, he does concede that there were some instances where known Nazis were "admitted inadvertently" such as the group of DP lumber workers with SS tattoos who arrived in Halifax in September 1947—an incident that is surprisingly relegated to the book's endnotes. Moreover, in the chapter "Undiplomatic Passports," he also agrees with Whitaker and Rodal that some high-profile Nazis got into Canada through secret "ratlines" established by American and British security services for Cold War purposes. Unfortunately, in this chapter he provides little documentary evidence to support his thesis, rather surprising given the book's preoccupation with original research (106 pages of notes), and its relatively meagre use of relevant secondary sources. In fact, if the rich body of literature on the subject from the Canadian, American, and British perspective had been consulted, a more sophisticated analysis might have emerged.

On balance, *Unauthorized Entry* provides an imaginative and provocative account of Canadian efforts to exclude Nazi war criminals. Nor should the search for the perpetrators end simply because these terrible events occurred during the Second World War, and many of those accused are now aged and infirm. The passage of time should not give absolution to those who committed crimes against humanity.

Reviewed by **Donald Avery**, professor of history at the University of Western Ontario.



When I pick up a history book, I often begin by skimming through the notes, the bibliography, the index, the acknowledgements, and the preface. Not all books have (or need) all of these, of course, but before I read the book itself, I like to know about the author's sources, diligence, and original research. The scope of the scholarship is as important to me as the style of the writing. Thus several recent books on western Canada, Ontario, or Quebec impressed me—each is specific in focus and thorough in research; all are engaging though not all are easy reading.

In recent years, the interpretations of earlier historians about nineteenth century aboriginal-colonial relations have come under attack. To catch up with many of the arguments, I highly recommend *Aboriginal People and Colonizers of Western Canada to 1900*. It is a once-over-briefly, but by no means lightly, summary of current academic controversies. As it outlines the conflicting positions on the fur trade, land treaties, women's roles, oral traditions, the Riel uprisings, and other topics, it offers enough evidence to soften all but the most hardened opinions. A related work, *Bounty and Benevolence*, is also relevant to current debates—in

the courts and in the media—about aboriginal rights and obligations. The book is a careful reappraisal, based on the scholarship of the last quarter century, of the substance and meaning of the Saskatchewan aboriginal treaties.

A weighty (nearly 500 pages) but welcome volume is *Alberta's North: A History, 1890–1950*. It traces and reflects on the changes that took place after the takeover by Euro-Canadians of the Peace River area and of the Athabasca River area. It suggests, for example, that the integration of this area into a larger Canada was disastrous for the native hunting economy, which was abandoned to free market forces. Farmers, on the other hand, were constantly provided with government support.

British emigrants to Upper Canada nearly all received some form of government support, at one level or another. One major emigration undertaking in Sussex in the 1830s was the Petworth Project, assisting nearly two thousand residents in the years following the "Swing" uprisings. The winter of 1830–1831 witnessed a series of local protests involving strikes, arson, machine breaking, and mass demonstrations by unemployed agricultural labourers. Threatening letters were circulated, signed by a mythical "Captain Swing." The cause, many believed, was the country's having too many people. Removal of some of this "redundant" population would relieve the economic pressure. Two books—*Assisting Emigration to Upper Canada* and an ac-

companying volume of letters, *English Immigrant Voices*—substantially study the Petworth Project. The Earl of Egremont, a wealthy and benevolent landowner, agreed to subsidize major emigration from his area. Participants were recruited from the paupers receiving Poor Law payments from local parishes. Ships were chartered, food and supplies were provided, guidance was arranged, all to encourage and assist able-bodied but unemployed labourers and their families to emigrate to Upper Canada—Egremont, local parishes, the British government, and Canadian colonial officials were all involved. The whole story of the project, from the Swing years to the 1837 Rebellion, is most marvellously detailed in these volumes. They present focussed personal stories as well as shifting political changes. Some 1,600 of the 1,800 Petworth participants are individually and collectively examined. These two volumes will undoubtedly influence all future interpretations of that period's history.

Land: Struggle for Settlement relates one local historian's twenty-year quest to solve a puzzle: why his Collingwood (Ontario) township, surveyed in 1833, remained largely unsettled for another twenty years. He concludes that the delay had little to do with the quality of agricultural land and much to do with the politics of land development. Land grants were originally made to military officers and to Loyalists, but almost none of them cleared and settled on their land themselves. Instead, nearly all quickly sold their titles to others, a few men who also had little intention of settling. These absentee owners, some of them members of the infamous Family Compact, eventually sold these lands for profit, often huge profit. The book presents a fascinating proof that even back then, big money could be made in Ontario through buying and selling real estate.

Making Ontario considers how the first seventy-five years of settlement totally altered the geography of Upper Canada. It began with the arrival of about ten thousand United Empire Loyalists and continued as hundreds of thousands of others followed thereafter. In the name of progress, lands were cleared for farms, roads were cut for transportation, streams were

Books Cited

- *Aboriginal People and Colonizers of Western Canada to 1900*
By Sarah Carter. University of Toronto Press, 1999. \$45.00 hardcover; \$12.95 paper.
- *Bounty and Benevolence: A Documentary History of Saskatchewan Treaties*
By Frank Tough, Jim Miller and Arthur J. Ray. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$34.95 hardcover.
- *Alberta's North: A History, 1890–1950*
By Donald Wetherell and Irene Kmet. University of Alberta Press, 2000. \$34.95 paper.
- *Assisting Emigration to Upper Canada: The Petworth Project 1832–1837*
By Wendy Cameron and Mary McDougall Maude. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$65.00 hardcover.
- *English Immigrant Voices: Labourers' Letters from Upper Canada in the 1830s*
Edited by Wendy Cameron, Sheila Haines and Mary McDougall Maude. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$65.00 hardcover.
- *Land: Struggle for Settlement*
By Bill Shannon (78 Sherbourne Rd., Ottawa, ON K2A 3H5), 2000. \$19.00 paper.
- *Making Ontario: Agricultural Colonization and Landscape Re-Creation Before the Railway*
By J. David Wood. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$55.00 hardcover.
- *The Metamorphoses of Landscape and Community in Early Quebec*
By Colin M. Coates. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$45.00 hardcover; \$22.95 paper.
- *The Diary of a Country Clergyman, 1848–1851*
By James Reid, edited by M.E. Reisner. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$65.00 hardcover.

dammed for mills, and towns developed for commercial and social purposes—nothing remained the same. Later, of course, the spread of the railroads brought even more changes. Today, as we landscape our own gardens or argue about garbage or development, we forget how radically different was the ecology of only two hundred years ago.

In two townships of Quebec, the total modification of the landscape—that is, both the physical and the cultural landscape—is the focus of another scholarly work, a case study entitled *The Metamorphoses of Landscape and Community in Early Quebec*. As

French settlers and seigneurs displaced aboriginal inhabitants in the seventeenth century, they made radical alterations to the countryside. Equally major transformations were attempted in the nineteenth century by British entrepreneurs, with an iron works, and British seigneurs, with new designs for settlement, but they failed. That failure, in turn, had a significant influence on developing Quebec nationalism.

I admired one more heavy book: *The Diary of a Country Clergyman*. It follows four (of nearly forty) years in the life of an Anglican priest in the St. Armand parish in Quebec's Eastern Townships. Written for his private use

rather than for publication, it sketches his day-to-day life and reflects his feelings about the mid-nineteenth-century world in which he lived. He comments on church and Canadian politics, he notes local scandals and celebrations, he confesses his hopes and disappointments, he testifies to his personal loyalty and profound faith. Altogether he wrote thirty-six diary volumes, but, a few years before he died, feeling depressed and unappreciated by his bishop, he destroyed most of them. These surviving diaries are all the more enhanced by the editor's detailed introduction, notes, and biographical sketches. 

More Books Worth Noting

■ *Amassing Power: J.B. Duke and the Saguenay River, 1897–1927*

By David Massell. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$49.95 hardcover.

Before the Saguenay River could be harnessed for hydroelectric power, there was a human political power struggle involving an imaginative and aggressive American capitalist—a scholarly study, but nonetheless a fascinating read.

■ *Cowboys, Ranchers and the Cattle Business: Cross-Border Perspectives on Ranching History*

Edited by Simon Evans, Sarah Carter & Bill Yeo. University of Calgary Press, 2000. \$29.95 paper.

Scholars both Canadian and American present their research—some are case studies of specific people—attempting to separate the myth from the reality of cowboy life and culture.

■ *Exploring the Fur Trade Routes of North America: Discover the Highways that Opened a Continent*

By Barbara Huck. Heartland Associates, 2000. \$24.95 paper.

Clearly written and artfully designed, this baedeker to the beaver trade will educate, enlighten, even delight cross-Canada explorers, including those who travel only in their imagination.

■ *Feasting on Misfortune: Journeys of the Human Spirit in Alberta's Past*

By David C. Jones. University of Alberta Press, 1998. \$29.95 paper.

The author intersperses tales and quotations of Elbert Hubbard, an American turn-of-the-twentieth-century sage who never went near Alberta, with the life stories of a few of that province's farmers and coal miners in the 1920s and 1930s. The result is a book strange in its structure, but nonetheless a good read, sensitive but hardly objective history.

■ *Ghost Railways of Ontario, Volume 2*

By Ron Brown. Polar Bear Press, 2000. \$24.95 paper.

In this well-illustrated volume, Ron Brown continues his admirable task of describing abandoned Ontario rail lines and their derelict stations before they disappear forever.

■ *The Grace of Passing: Constantine H. Andrusyshen—The Odyssey of a Slavist*

By June Dutka. Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies Press, 2000. \$14.95 paper.

A biographical sketch of the Winnipeg-born teacher, translator, and lexicographer recognizes Andrusyshen

as a key figure in the establishment of Slavic studies in Canadian universities through his thirty-year career at the University of Saskatchewan.

■ *Harvest of Souls: The Jesuit Missions and Colonialism in North America 1632–1650*

By Carole Blackburn. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$60.00 hardcover.

A tough, academic study that examines the domineering language of the Jesuits, as revealed by their writings, and compares it with the limited power they were in fact actually able to exercise over native peoples.

■ *The Ku Klux Klan in Central Alberta*

By William Peter Baergen. Central Alberta Historical Society (4525–47a Avenue, Red Deer, Alberta T4N 6Z6), 2000. \$24.95 paper.

A disturbing tale—its author insists that Alberta historians have underestimated the influence of the KKK and its (often in tandem with the Orange Order) preachments, which were anti-Papist, anti-French, and anti-foreign, as well as racist.

■ *Looking for Country: A Norwegian Immigrant's Alberta Memoir*

By Ellenor Ranghild Merriken. \$19.95 paper.

■ *With Heart and Soul: Calgary's Italian Community*

By Antonella Fanella. \$19.95 paper.

■ *The Last Illusion: Letters from Dutch Immigrants in the "Land of Opportunity," 1924–1930*

Translated and edited by Herman Ganzevoort. \$24.95 paper.

All published by University of Calgary Press, 1999.

Three books in the fine "Legacies Shared" series, each relating very personal immigrant experiences—the Dutch letters volume is especially appealing.

■ *Mistehay Sakahegan, the Great Lake: The Beauty and the Treachery of Lake Winnipeg*

By Frances Russell. Heartland Associates, 2000. \$24.95 paper.

Lake Winnipeg's many histories and many moods are encompassed in a single volume—text, paintings, photographs, and maps are sensitively interwoven, resulting in a truly gorgeous book about a truly great lake.

■ *Old Ontario Houses: Traditions in Local Architecture*

Text by Tom Cruickshank; photographs by John de Visser. Firefly Books, 2000. \$50.00 hardcover.

Many are mansions, some are simple homes, a few are farmhouses, one is abandoned, but all are magnificently photographed in colour with their significant architectural and historical features clearly described—a stunning work.

■ *Ring in the Common Love of Good: The United Farmers of Ontario, 1914–1926*

By Kerry Badgley. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$55.00 hardcover.

This examination of the UFO, a powerful political movement arising out of widespread agricultural discontent during World War I, demonstrates that disillusionment can provide the initial energy for a political party, but it takes more than that to sustain it.

■ *The Rouge River Valley: An Urban Wilderness*

By James E. Garratt. Natural Heritage Books, 2000. \$22.95 paper.

The field notes of a naturalist's twelve-year study of Toronto's Rouge River reflect on the changing scene, the political and environmental battles, and the now lost worlds of earlier native inhabitants.

continues

- *A Scattering of Seeds: The Creation of Canada*
By Lindalee Tracey. McArthur & Co., 1999. \$19.95 paper.

Ten poignant tales of immigrants to Canada, based on the documentary film series seen on *History Television*. A guide for teachers is also available.

- *Steamboat Connections: Montreal to Upper Canada, 1816–1843*
By Frank Mackey. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. \$44.95 hardcover.

A chronicle of St. Lawrence steam travel – the boats, the owners, the travellers, and the politics – during one comparatively brief period. Meticulously researched – half the book is appendices, notes, bibliography, and index – it will be invaluable to anyone investigating transportation in a seminal period.

- *Storied Streets: Montreal in the Literary Imagination*
By Bryan Demchinsky and Elaine Kalman Naves. Macfarlane Walter & Ross, 2000. \$45.00 hardcover.

A celebration of a great city, viewed through the lens of its literature, that is, those who wrote about it, whether natives or not. Archival images and lively quotations abound.

- *The Thousandth Man: A Biography of James McGregor Stewart*
By Barry Cahill. University of Toronto Press for the Osgoode Society for Canadian Legal History, 2000. \$45.00 hardcover.

The career of an ambitious, intelligent, powerful, and highly successful business lawyer – a Nova Scotian who was also a firm nationalist. Another superb Osgoode Society contribution to our understanding of our legal history.

- *Tombstone Tales from Ontario Cemeteries*
By Harvey Medland. Ontario Historical Society, 2000. \$25.00 paper.

Not ghost stories, but a collection of brief biographies and anecdotal histories inspired by gravestone inscriptions. Some are individuals – Thomas Talbot, Alice Eastwood; some focus on events – the wreck of the steamship *Asia*, the Great Fire of 1922; some tell of causes – the Tolpuddle martyrs, the Fenian raids.



THE Society

Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History: 1999–2000 Recipient and Finalists

The Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History was presented by Her Excellency Adrienne Clarkson at Rideau Hall, November 18, 2000. The award was established by the Society in 1995 to recognize the best history teachers in the country. The program is sponsored by the **Hudson's Bay History Foundation, Bell Canada, Wawanesa Insurance, and Investors Group**, whose support is gratefully acknowledged.

Recipient

Mario Mimeault (Polyvalente Antoine-Roy, Rivière-au-Renard, QC) has made history his life's work. With his numerous publications, history-themed computer projects, frequent radio and television collaborations, and distinctions, this high-school teacher is an authority on the history of fishing in the Quebec Maritimes. His work compiling a "banque de questions" and developing a week-long symposium on regional history and culture, and his talent for making historical subjects accessible to the nonhistorian, illustrate his dedication as an educator. To Mario Mimeault and his students, history is never an unchanging or abstract subject – it's a living science.

Finalists

Susan Anderson & Susan Earles (Beach Grove Elementary School, Delta, BC) designed a grade four to six integrated history resource to foster an appreciation of local culture and history. It covers the early pioneers of Delta and Tsawwassen and the settlement of Ladner. Students study primary documents, travel routes, pioneer lifestyles, archaeology, and local First Nations cultures. Staff, students, parents, descendants, and regional historians are all involved in this unique child-centred curriculum.

Robin Barker-James (Glendale High School, Tillsonburg, ON) promotes remembrance of the world wars and Canada's vital role in them. He turns his farm into a First World War battlefield for a weekend-long trench warfare simulation, where students experience firsthand some of the hardships faced by soldiers at war. Other units include a Boer War press conference, a primary-documents exercise on the Halifax Explosion, and transforming the classroom into steerage and first class decks of the RMS *Titanic*. A field trip to France for the June 6, 2001, D-Day ceremonies is open to all interested Canadians.

Peter Bjornson (Gimli High School, Gimli, MB) teaches Canadian history through diverse units, such as World Hunger Awareness Day, mock elections, oral histories, and the analysis of rock-music lyrics to explore political and historical themes. He designed Pageant Wagon, in which students produce three-dimensional dioramas depicting local historic events, and In Creating a Local Archive, students work with a community newspaper to document events. Peter has created a special collections library incorporating Icelandic and Ukrainian Studies, as well as works by local authors. Students also create heritage murals.

Anne Marie Duguay & Sandra Mitchell (Harry Miller Middle School, Rothesay, NB) have created a year-long multimedia study unit for grade eight called Reaching into Our Past (1837 to the present). It explores the culture, geography, and lifestyles of Saint John in the 1800s, and integrates language arts, technology, social studies, art, and French. Students create diary entries, web

pages, stories, letters, a Loyalist Cafe, visual displays, research assignments, T-shirt designs, videos, poems, novel studies, and biographies.

Paul Follett (Lakefield District Secondary School, Lakefield, ON), a proponent of experiential learning, initiated a model United Nations course that has students participate in a week of debate and international exchange in the Hague, Netherlands. CBC Newsworld will film the preparation and participation of the current class. He coordinated a cultural exchange with a school in Nunavut and a trip to the Netherlands to commemorate the end of WWII. Three of his students produced a published history of Bolton, Ontario. Annually, his students create personal scrapbooks and participate in Historical Persons' dinners.

Anne Gatha (Mother Mary Greene Elementary School, Calgary, AB), a music specialist and a grade three to six teacher, has written several historical novels about students travelling back in time, through which she teaches history, art, and music. Study is enhanced by lessons on people's daily lives on themes such as transportation, food, clothing, shelter, art, and recreation. Her unit Time Tunnel to Early Canada explores the lives of First Nations peoples, missionaries, voyageurs, and coureurs de bois of the seventeenth century.

Linda Hoffmann, Donalda Messer, & Gloria Beecham (Brent Kennedy Elementary, Crescent Valley, BC) created Historical Connections, a resource for grades four to twelve, to help students understand their community's history, make use of local primary and secondary resources, and apply critical-thinking skills. The kit includes time lines, videos, picture files, history books, and artifacts. An extensive teacher's guide integrates the kit's components into student projects. Students study archaeology, build models, conduct video or audio interviews with seniors in the community, and use art to represent their learning.

Dianna Alain, Rae Horsman, Linda Mowbray, & Sandra Bamford (Magnetic Hill School, Lutes Mountain, NB) have created six interdisciplinary

study units for grades five and six: Early Explorers of Canada, North American Native People, Pioneers, Canada: Building a Nation, Changes, and Kids Caring About Canada. Their mission is to find a common Canadian identity by fostering a sincere interest in Canada's historical, current, and future character.

Marc Keirstead (Sacred Heart Catholic High School, Newmarket, ON) employs role-play, debates, film, music, art, mock elections, and themed learning centres to animate his history class. He has facilitated guest speakers, such as Conrad Black, the Honourable Lincoln Alexander, and Senator Lorne Milne. His students have researched and created history kits in conjunction with the local community museum. Through an internet link he established with Takeoseiyo High School in Japan, they have discussed Canadian elections and World War II. The relationship flourished into two-way exchange trips. Participants remain in close contact and will be involved in joint projects in 2001.

Gary R. O'Dwyer (St. Mary's Secondary School, Cobourg, ON) has been running a speaker's forum for sixteen years, in which senior students pair with junior counterparts to study economic, social, political, environmental, religious, and diplomatic issues. After their research, in front of several hundred students, students question panel members, who in the past have included war veterans, authors, ambassadors, and Auschwitz survivors. Political and Canadian veterans' societies have grown out of the forums. Gary has also created holocaust and antiracism units for all grade levels.

David M. Smith (Lindsay Thurber High School, Red Deer, AB) teaches Canadian history in regular and international baccalaureate programs, using position papers, debates, mock parliaments, expert testimonials, web study, directed reading, lectures, and presentations. His class reviews primary documents to study Confederation and World War I; they role-play European powers in The Slippery Slope to Total War. Popular and unpopular views are examined as students witness history and determine their own positions on events.



Canada's National History Society

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Museum Profile

The Provincial Museum of Alberta, one of Canada's five most popular museums, regularly attracts more than 300,000 visitors every year. Permanent exhibitions include the internationally acclaimed SYNCRUE GALLERY OF ABORIGINAL CULTURE, which occupies one-quarter of the museum and brings 11,000 years of aboriginal history to life. The NATIONAL HISTORY GALLERY is a one-billion-year odyssey from dinosaurs to rare gems. The BUG ROOM exhibits some of the world's largest insects—alive! The HABITAT GALLERY recreates locations in Alberta's scenic forests, lakes, prairies, mountains, and badlands.

The museum is presenting five international exhibitions to mark the millennia. The MILLENNIUM SERIES—ILLUMINATING HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT continues in 2001 with SYRIA—LAND OF CIVILIZATIONS: February 10–May 13, 2001 and ending with LINDA MCCARTNEY'S SIXTIES—PORTRAIT OF AN ERA: November 17–January 13, 2002.

The Provincial Museum of Alberta
12845 102nd Avenue, Edmonton,
Alberta T5N 0M6
For information contact:
Telephone: (780) 453-9100
Website: www.pma.edmonton.ab.ca

The museum is open year-round
9 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily; closed December 24 and 25. Free parking, strollers, wheelchairs, and audio tours available. Admissions vary pending major exhibits; half price on Tuesdays; children six and under are free.



Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria
- Vancouver Museum
- Vancouver Maritime Museum
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- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
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- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the Beaver are automatically members of the Society.

Native Canada's Literary History

At the start of *A Story as Sharp As a Knife*, Robert Bringhurst writes of a young linguist who arrived in Haida Gwaii (the Queen Charlotte Islands of British Columbia) a hundred years ago. "The linguist found himself confronted by great art, great devastation, and great literature.... It was the literature that surprised him."

Canadians may slowly be coming to accept that native rights and native claims do have legal weight, no matter how inconvenient we may find them. We now hear a few native voices in our political debates. We are beginning to notice native writers and performers. Some of us even get an aboriginal cable channel. We can probably recall some images of native art. But native greatness still surprises us.

Historical writing about aboriginal Canada still seems better at introducing us to marginal peoples and victim cultures than to deeds and characters that might inspire admiration and amazement. Against that tradition, Robert Bringhurst wants to surprise us with greatness.

Bringhurst is a poet before he is a historian. He introduces us to another poet, a man named Skaay. Skaay was born in the Haida town of Qquuna about 1827. He spent three weeks in the fall of 1900 reciting poetry to the visiting linguist John Swanton. In the intervening years, epidemics of smallpox, typhoid, measles (and sometimes gunfire) had reduced the Haida population by fully 90 per cent, even as Euro-Canadian society launched an overwhelming cultural assault upon all the traditional ways of living. Qquuna was abandoned about 1880, after thriving for at least a millennium. Skaay was one of about seventy survivors from the thousand or so inhabitants of its cluster of towns.

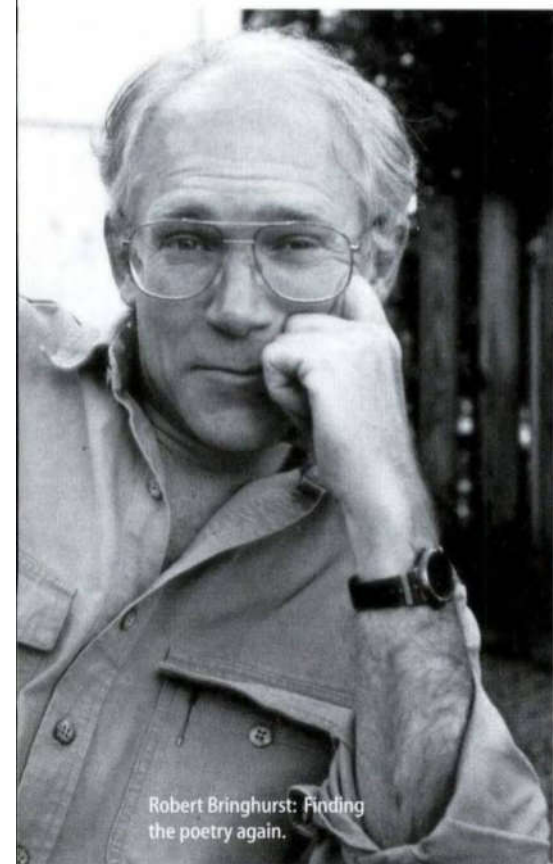
To evoke the devastation Skaay's generation had faced, Bringhurst suggests an appropriate comparison might be the Warsaw ghetto. But to convey

"It is time we stopped presenting the material of these artists as anonymous folktales and start to give them back their names."

the scope and ambition of Skaay's artistry, he evokes Shakespeare and Herodotus, the painter Velasquez, and the great jazz and classical musicians. He wants us to realize that great poets had lived on those islands because they had long sheltered "one of the world's richer classical literatures."

John Swanton the linguist knew what he was hearing. He said he felt "like Homer collecting and arranging a literature already constructed" as Skaay recited, and he laboriously wrote out the original Haida words. But ethnography then (and since) has mostly wanted "informants," not poets. Ethnography seeks generic folklore that might sum up an entire culture, not the creative work of individual speakers. As a result, ethnographic texts have often sought the generalized version—by taking out the poetry.

"It is time we stopped presenting the material of these artists as anonymous folktales and start to give them back their names," says Bringhurst. He wants to find the poetry again. "Canadian literature, North American literature, would do well to stop acting as if we were on some satellite launched from Europe. Canada is polylinguistic, and we should not only rub ourselves up against European languages. If every North American poet learned one North American language, then



Robert Bringhurst: Finding the poetry again.

the whole thing would be solved."

When he came to the Northwest Coast in the 1970s, Bringhurst at first wanted only to acquaint himself with some of the local lore. But "rubbing up" against a classical North American native literature required the poet to take up linguistics, translation, anthropology, comparative literature, and archival and library research. "I had no intention of spending fifteen years on this, and I don't want to spend the rest of my life on it. But I had to devote enough time to pay respect to it."

Paying respect has grown into three thick books comprising the series Masterworks of the Classical Haida Mythtellers. The second, *Nine Visits to the Mythworld*, has just appeared. Each book is equal parts poetry anthology, linguistics monograph, artistic meditation, and historical narrative. For Bringhurst, himself one of Canada's most admired poets, honoured and respected for works such as *The Crossing* and *The Beauty of the Weapons*, it is the poetry that matters.

"A poet like Skaay started out with the same material, the same plots everyone around him knew. Skaay could have told 'Raven' in five minutes. But he was talented, he relished what he was doing, taking a great ancient story and making the most of it. Like a musician, he is not trying to get to the end of a piece, but exploring everything that is in it. His is the largest single work of classical Haida literature that survives, but it is not large by being verbose. There is no spare word in it, and this is a poem that goes on for eight hours."

Amid the poetry, a history also emerges. Bringhurst devotes several pages to Kilxhawgins, the historian of Haida wars, and Skaay himself appears as a young steersman in one of Kilxhawgins's stories. Skaay, however, was one of the poets who preferred to work with mythic subjects. In their poems, whales talk, villages get rolled up in blankets or exist on the bottom of the ocean. Wives turn into birds and brothers turn into gods. Yet the settings are full of quickly sketched characters and the foods they gathered, the tools they used, the hierarchies they lived in, the violence they gave and got. Like *The Odyssey* or *Beowulf*, they are full of

the things that are most difficult to recapture from the histories of shattered societies: what people did and said, the way they thought, how they believed. If history is about recovering worlds we have lost, Bringhurst is writing history. In the texts he presents, we begin to see the society that produced great literature.

Masterworks of the Classical Haida Mythtellers has not been well received in Haida Gwaii. Today, few First Nations leaders or spokespeople are willing to see outsiders seeming to become guardians or interpreters of native tradition. The Haida Nation has long asserted its authority to examine and give or withhold approval of anything anyone writes about Haida matters. Bringhurst will not agree to the conditions, though he salutes the reasons behind them. "That independent spirit, that political expression, that search for power is wonderful. It has been suppressed for a hundred years. I don't mind being a whipping boy for that."

We can't begin to take the measure of Canadian literature, Bringhurst believes, until we include in it Skaay, and the Chipewyan poet Ekunélyel, the Onondaga orator Kanyaataiyo, or a score of others in Navaho, Aleut, Cheyenne, Mojave. He might add that we cannot begin to take the measure of Canadian history until we include in it the understanding that it has included societies able to foster such artists. ■

Nine Visits to the Mythworld: Ghandl of the Qayah! Ulaanas, published by Douglas and McIntyre, is the second volume of Robert Bringhurst's Masterworks of the Classical Haida Mythtellers. *A Story as Sharp as a Knife* was shortlisted for last year's Governor General's Award in nonfiction.

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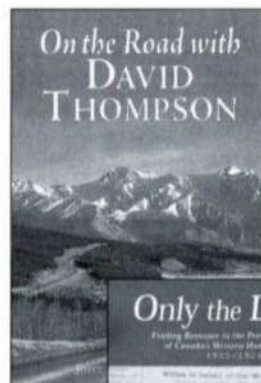
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Album

Margaret Gibson, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the daughter of Grace (Gurnett) Nichol. She lives in Scarborough, Ontario, and says she has never snowshoed.

Snowshoes "Miss McCully," we learn from the 1916 edition of *Canadian Poets*, edited by John William Garvin, "is proficient in athletics." And so, it appears from this picture, she is. Or was, rather. Laura Elizabeth McCully, the seated figure, died in 1924 at age thirty-eight, much too young. The great-niece of Nova Scotia Father of Confederation John McCully, she was a poet of some note in Toronto, who published her first book of verse in 1914, *Mary Magdalene and Other Poems*. But in 1905, in her late teens when this studio picture was taken, she and her friend Grace Gurnett (who also had a notable great-uncle — George Gurnett, mayor of Toronto during the 1837 Rebellion) would take the Gerrard Street trolley to the west end of the line and alight at High Park. There, on winter afternoons, no doubt in youthful high spirits, bundled in sweaters, toques, and warm skirts, they would partake of the sport of snowshoeing.

Miss McCully would go on to university, to working in a munitions factory during the Great War, and to her career as a poet. Miss Gurnett would become Mrs. Fred Nichol in 1913, have two children, and live a long and happy life in Toronto, dying at the venerable age of ninety in 1974. Miss McCully, *Canadian Poets* tells us, "is an ardent advocate of the rights of women. ... She has firm belief that this century will fully establish equality of sex and racial responsibility." And so, in good measure, it did. ■



Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478-167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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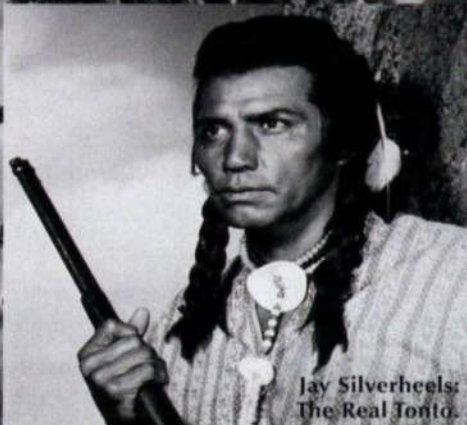
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EASTERN	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:00 AM	TURNING POINTS OF HISTORY					CROWN AND COUNTRY	GREAT TRAIN
7:30 AM						CROWN AND COUNTRY	STORIES
8:00 AM	THE CAMPBELLS					SENSE OF HISTORY	SENSE OF HISTORY
8:30 AM	THE WAY WE WERE					ORIGINS	ORIGINS
9:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN					CANADIAN HISTORY	THE 20TH CENTURY
9:30 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
10:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN						
10:30 AM	HISTORY BITES						
11:00 AM	COMBAT					ANCIENT HISTORY	HISTORY OF WAR
11:30 AM	TURNING POINTS OF HISTORY						
12:00 PM							
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM					DOCUMENTARIES	DOCUMENTARIES
1:30 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:00 PM							
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM	HISTORY BITES					REILLY: ACE OF SPIES	AIR WARS
4:00 PM	DESTINATION: HISTORY						
4:30 PM	COMBAT						
5:00 PM							
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	HISTORY OF WAR					WITNESS TO YESTERDAY	CANADIAN HISTORY
6:30 PM	ARCHAEOLOGY						
7:00 PM	HISTORY BITES						
7:30 PM	MANSION						
8:00 PM	TURNING POINTS OF HISTORY					ROYAL SECRETS	DOCUMENTARIES
8:30 PM						GREATEST JOURNEYS ON EARTH	
9:00 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
9:30 PM							
10:00 PM							
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY				HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
11:30 PM							
12:00 AM							
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM							
2:30 AM							
3:00 AM	TOUR OF DUTY					HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
3:30 AM	A CENTURY OF CONFLICT						
4:00 AM							
4:30 AM							
4:30 AM	HISTORY OF WAR					WESTERN MOVIE	DOCUMENTARIES
5:00 AM	ARCHAEOLOGY						CANADIAN HISTORY
5:30 AM	COMBAT						
6:00 AM	A CENTURY OF CONFLICT						
6:30 AM							

Program changes may occur.

